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HISTORY

OF

GEORGE GODFREY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
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GEORGE GODFREY.

CHAPTER I.

My Father dies—My Mother is much distressed on account of his loss—I display some very amiable qualities—My Mother consults my Father's relations on a new offer of marriage—They give their advice, and she acts as might be expected—My Mother goes to a new Residence, and I get something for myself.

"My dear Margery," said my father to my mother, as she sat by his bedside, "it is of no use going on so. Dry your eyes;" (here my mother shed a flood of tears.) "Think on me sometimes when I am gone, but do not afflict yourself too much."

My father's voice faltered. The subject was too mournful even for him. He, however resumed.

"I could have wished to live longer to be a blessing to you," (my mother again raised her handkerchief to her eyes), "and to bring up this dear pledge of our love;" turning towards me, as I sat swinging my little legs backward and forward before the fire, and giving additional promise of future activity, by crying, and eating a large Windsor pear at the same time.

Here we had a sort of weeping trio, in which I greatly distinguished myself. When this was over, my father continued.

"I did hope to be spared, till I had performed my duty, for I have always thought the head of a family had a most solemn duty to perform, and that he was bound to devote himself to the good of his children."

My mother sighed, and softly breathed the exclamation, "Ah!"

I have since learned, for I was then but six years of age, that these sentiments, the expression of which was so creditable to my father, did not always govern his conduct—that, in fact, he was one of those unreflecting characters who declare for "living all the days of their life;"

meaning by that, to sit up all night with jovial companions, and sleep through the morning and afternoon, till the approach of darkness wakes them to enter upon another jolly day.

My mother was deeply affected. I have heard her say, "that she was quite sure my father spoke no more than the truth, when he said that if it pleased God to restore him, he would turn over a new leaf."

But, however, this was not to be; so my father died, and my mother was quite disconsolate.

The moment it was known that Mr. Godfrey was dead, all the neighbours came forward to condole with the widow. They must have been much edified with my mother's hysterics. I, certainly, am not a competent judge of them, but I think I have never seen any thing better of the kind. Perhaps I am partial.

She continued them till my father was buried, and for some days afterwards. They became her exceedingly, as I have heard from many, while her widow's mourning was new. My mother, I ought to mention, was a remark-

ably good looking woman. The resemblance between her and me, has always been considered very striking.

For a fortnight after the day on which my father was committed to the grave, a number of kind friends, called regularly to comfort my mother, by telling her that her deceased husband had certainly gone "to a better place."

During this time, a vast deal of notice was taken of me. The people always said I was "an interesting little fellow;" and my mother never failed, on such occasions, to pat me on the head, and apostrophise me most tragically, as "her poor fatherless boy."

Her tenderness was not lost on me. I soon found out how to turn it to account. If I wanted any thing which was withheld for a moment, I began to cry, and if it were not then given, I roared with all my might. This always succeeded. My mother never failed to say, "well, my love, don't cry, and you shall have it." This she thought sensible. So did I—very.

Once I remember a decanter had been broken.

I wanted the pieces. My mother rather resolutely denied them; but fixed to carry my point, I screamed myself into convulsions, and obtained what I coveted. In two minutes I contrived to set my fingers bleeding, and commenced a squall, surpassing, in vivacity and power, even the former one. My mother almost fainted, but soon bound up my hand, and gave me a piece of barley-sugar, with a kiss "to make it well."

I was thus in a fair way of being carefully brought up. My mother thought my talents promised to be as great as my disposition was amiable. Though not seven years of age, I could read words of two syllables in my spelling-book. This feat my mother, acting as many sensible parents act, wished me to show off to every visitor that came in. But my unostentatious spirit, here, finely manifested itself. When required to exhibit, I was obstinately silent. My mother would overwhelm me with presents and caresses, but I was not to be moved, and she was always obliged to finish the scene with—

"the dear orphan can read delightfully, only he don't like to do it, because you are here."

The kindest and most constant of all my mother's comforters was Mr. Mason. He used to call every day, and sometimes he came twice in one day, but he never approached without bringing a cake, or an apple for me. I often performed my crying before him, and he paid me for my exertions even better than my mother did. He manifested the same anxiety to soothe me, always remarking, with evident admiration, "that it was astonishing what a little thing affected my spirits;" and adding, that "I was a child of extraordinary sensibility."

My mother was thankful for this benevolent attention to an orphan, and told every body that "she had a very great respect for Mr. Mason."

And she had reason to feel thus, for he was incessant in his efforts to console her. He was an apothecary by profession, and strictly religious. Mr. Mason was not a member of the established church, but he most punctually attended a dis-

senter's meeting in the neighbourhood. He even officiated at some of them, and the females of the congregation, said he had "a great gift for prayer."

That, no doubt, was mainly the reason my mother so much respected him.

I am led to this belief, because he often used the valuable talent just mentioned, when he came to see her. He counselled her to remember that life was short, and eternity long: that death was a tribute which we all had to pay—that resignation was a duty, and so forth.

To which my mother answered, with sighs, and "it is very true, but yet it is hard to part from those we love—from a husband in particular."

Mr. Mason admitted that, but told my mother "not to grieve, nor be cast down in spirit, for the Lord would be a husband to the widow."

My mother sobbed.

Mr. Mason afterwards said, that "he himself would be her husband."

My mother shrieked.

So did I.

Mr. Mason upon this gave me a new sixpence, which tranquillized my mind a good deal. His speech soon had the same effect on my mother. She listened with calmness, and refusing to entertain the idea of yielding to another lord, discussed the question with a sober determination to be inexorable.

A few days, sufficed to bring matters into such a favourable train, that my mother, though still disapproving of matrimony, agreed to speak to her husband's relations on the subject, without whose full consent, she was resolved not to stir at all in the business.

In consequence of this prudent resolve, she actually wrote to my uncles, aunts and cousins; and on a day which my mother had named, several of them called, having previously conferred with others, who were not able to attend.

My mother began by saying, " she considered it but right, and indeed her bounden duty, to take no important step, but with the consent of the relations of the late Mr. Godfrey. She was confident, she said, that they would

only advise her for her good, and, therefore, their opinion would be sufficient for her future guidance."

"This was very wise," they all remarked.

Then my mother proceeded, with the circumlocution usual in such cases, to draw a pathetic picture of the unfortunate situation in which she had been placed by my father's death. She lamented, in good set phrases, the hardships to which an unprotected female was exposed. Next she spoke of the manner in which the world looked on her poor orphan boy,—and here her speech was so exceedingly moving, that it deeply affected me; and she then earnestly submitted to them, that, as a mother, it was incumbent on her to do all in her power, to save me from its persecution, or its pity.

And next she proceeded to introduce Mr. Mason on the scene. She described him to be a professional gentleman in great practice. His skill was unquestionable; for he had attended my father in his last illness, who, she more than once declared, had received much relief from his attentions. Besides, he was particularly reli-

gious, and had made her an offer, she said, " in the handsomest way possible."

My aunt Maxwell turned up her nose, at the idea of any member of our family being connected with an apothecary.

My uncle Peter did not so much object to the calling of Mr. Mason, as to the man himself; he thought, he was too young for my mother.

This my mother assured him was by no means the case, though she owned that, " for his years, Mr. Mason had rather a young look."

" And then," said my uncle, " I am well informed, that he has been a bankrupt, once, if not twice."

My mother said she had heard this story before, but had no doubt it was a calumny sent forth by a rival, whose name I forget.

My cousin James, however, here produced the Gazette in which Mr. Mason's name appeared. My uncle Peter made my mother read it herself. He then added, he understood that Mr. Mason had treated his former wife very cruelly. My aunt Maxwell chimed in



with some remarks on the dignity of our family, and of her being quite satisfied that a woman of such good sense, proper feeling, and true dignity, as my mother, would never degrade herself by marrying beneath her. This she enforced by the pithy figure, that it would never be too late "to stoop, and pick up nothing."

To cut the matter short, the whole party were against Mr. Mason. My mother attempted to defend him, but the facts which they quoted, and the arguments which they urged, were too powerful for her to strive against. She, at last, kindly thanked them for the interest they had taken in her affairs; and said, much obliged for their assistance, she would not trouble them further.

They repeated, with increased energy, the reasons which induced them to declare, one and all, against the obnoxious individual who had been named. She thanked them again, and observed, since she had heard their sentiments, she would now know how to act; and they replied to this, by complimenting her on her readiness to listen to good advice.

So they retired, considering this affair as finally settled; and on the following Tuesday, my mother became the wife of Mr. Mason.

She did not pay me the compliment of asking my consent. I do not know how this happened; but if the question had been left to my decision, I have no hesitation in saying that I should not have concurred with the friends of the late Mr. Godfrey. The many good-natured things Mr. Mason had said and done, where I was concerned, made me think as highly of him as my mother did. I was much rejoiced when we went to his house "*for good,*" as my mother said, (meaning by that, to reside there constantly;) and I soon learnt to call Mr. Mason "Papa."

It never entered into my calculation, that my settled habits were to be at all disturbed by the circumstance of my mother having, as she always expressed it, "been under the painful necessity of changing her situation." But this happened.

We had been about a week at my father-in-law's, when my mother being to go out one day,

I insisted upon going with her. She said, "no, my love, not to day." I would not be refused; and began, as was

"My custom always of an afternoon—"

and, indeed, I may say of a morning too, to cry. My mother mildly remonstrated, and Mr. Mason said I could not go.

This made no impression on me. In my mind, the thing was decided; and so I continued to roar, to use a popular simile, "like a town bull."

"Don't cry, my love," said my mother; and then addressing herself to my father-in-law, she remarked, with great solicitude—"it will break his little heart not to take him; what can I do with the pretty creature?"

"O!" said Mr. Mason, "leave the *pretty creature* to me; he will soon be pacified."

My mother bestowed a gracious smile on my father-in-law, and said, "well, my dear, I know you can pacify him sooner than any one;" and, admonishing me to be "good," she actually made her exit.

I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I saw my mother going without me, after I had so strongly intimated my resolution to accompany her. This refractory conduct, seemed to call for an extraordinary effort, and I strained my pipes more than before. Mr. Mason advanced, as I supposed, in pursuance of his promise to my mother, "to pacify the *pretty creature*." I prepared to repel his soothing efforts with the utmost determination; but I might have spared myself the trouble, for, without uttering a word, he gave me a slap on one side of my head, which made me bound across the room with the velocity of a ball, from the stroke of a cricket bat.

My breath failed me for some moments; but I soon collected all my strength, and screamed louder than ever.

A slap on the other side of my head, the exact fellow to the one whose receipt I was acknowledging, requited this display of my vocal ability, while Mr. Mason thundered—

"Stop your noise, you ugly young dog; there's something for yourself, (repeating the

slaps,) which you can't eat, nor drink, nor put into your pocket."

The tone of Mr. Mason's voice, his look, and manner, satisfied me that he was well disposed to be liberal of such presents; and I became, in an instant, as mute as a mouse.

But bent upon revenge, I sulked, and determined to eat no dinner. He was good enough not to thwart me in this, and allowed me to fast as long as I pleased.

Though I soon came round, so far as to feed again, I was by no means reconciled to my father-in-law; for, as Mr. Mason had been accustomed to say, " I was *a child of extraordinary sensibility,*" and he had *hurt my feelings.*

CHAPTER II.

I fortunately escape all danger of being spoiled by undue kindness—My Mother's tender recollections of my Father.—Mr. Mason eulogizes himself, is severe upon my Mother, and wanting in politeness to me—Summary of my accomplishments—I am provided with a situation which promises me a splendid independence.

I REMEMBER hearing it whispered once or twice, by certain shrewd persons, both before, and after the death of my father, that my mother, from the excessive kindness which she lavished on her "Georgy Porgy," as she tenderly called me, would certainly make me a fool.

But I will do her the justice to say, that whatever the chances might be of such a result at one time, the danger was happily averted by her marriage with Mr. Mason. If, since I grew up, I have manifested any lack of intellect, (I, of course, laugh at the supposition,) it is not

in my power to ascribe it to that affectionate folly, which, while engaged in teaching a child "the way he should go," defeats its own object, by undue indulgence.

For, from the time when Mr. Mason began with me in the way just described, he continued with most unwearied assiduity to pursue the great end which he doubtless had in view—my moral reformation; and if I am not at this moment a perfect model for the rising generation, he ought not to be blamed for omitting to administer a sufficient portion of wholesome chastisement. I may add, that while *he* was thus engaged, he often found a most able co-adjutor in my mother.

At first, indeed, she would spring as resolutely forward at my father-in-law, as a hen would at a dog, who seemed disposed to take liberties with her only chicken; but when a year or two had passed, and she had introduced a little brother to my society, she was generally ready to approve of any severity which her husband thought conducive to my benefit, and that nothing might be wanting to complete my

education, she often volunteered a little castigation on her own account.

These occasions were of more frequent occurrence, as I, and my father-in-law's embarrassments, which had always been considerable, increased, in size and number. He had looked forward to an addition to his means from marrying my mother; but it turned out that the ground-rent, from which the greater portion of her income had arisen, was no longer hers. It had been disposed of by my father, my mother could hardly understand how. Her second husband talked of legal proceedings, against the party who received what he considered would have been more properly paid to him; but all the information he obtained from my mother on the subject, was so scanty, that he could do no more than threaten, and talk about "the hardship of being kept out of that, to which one had an undoubted right by law."

This was as great a misfortune for me, as it was for him. The reader may not at first see how such could be the case. I will explain. When, in consequence of the derangement of

his finances, my father-in-law happened to get "a talking to," from an angry creditor, his mode of discharging the indignation with which he had been inspired, was to scold my mother about the ground-rent. In the course of the next quarter of an hour, she never failed to convict me of some grave offence, for which I was treated with a sound thrashing. I, in my turn, seized the earliest opportunity of transferring the rage of the disappointed dun, to my younger brother, who took a walk with me every day for his health, and no sooner found myself secure from observation, than I picked a quarrel with him, and belaboured the poor little urchin without mercy.

Things continued in this state, till I had been bumped and buffeted into my fifteenth year. If any anonymous mischief transpired, I had credit for it, and was most punctually paid in cuffs, and horsewhippings, to the amount at which it was assessed. It so frequently happened, that I met with a warmer reception than I desired, that I insensibly acquired the habit of endeavouring to secure the means of retreat-

ing, whenever I entered a room. But this did not benefit me much. The air of slyness and precaution, for which I became remarkable, was sometimes taken as proof that I had done something bad, though the particular offence was not known. Whatever I did was wrong. If I ventured to speak to those who came to see my father-in-law, I was schooled for making so free with my betters, and if I were silent, I got sneered at, for looking so much like a fool.

Occasionally, my mother appeared to have some compunctious visitings on my account, and when my father-in-law was out, she would be exceedingly pathetic on the present situation, and future prospects of her poor boy. The coldness, and ill usage, which she experienced from Mr. Mason, in return for her having given up, as she emphatically expressed herself, "all the world for him," would then be eloquently dwelt upon. A shower of tears succeeded, which to my thinking, were quite as naturally done, as the hysterics, in which, as I have already mentioned, on the occasion of my

father's death, she excelled. In these moments, she would lament her second marriage, and while her streaming eyes glanced at the shabby-genteel finery, to which she was reduced, not even the additions she had contributed to the population of her native land, could console for the change.

She, and Mr. Mason were certainly, by no means a happy couple, though I am not prepared to say, that they were much below the matrimonial average. The want of the ground-rent, and the frequent additions made to his family, soured his temper, which I suspect was never remarkably good, and my mother had a very pretty talent for contradiction, and withal an exceedingly happy knack, of contrasting the perfections of her former, with the defects of her present husband. I never shall forget the full swell of aggravating tenderness, with which she was accustomed to breathe forth—"the late Mr. Godfrey!" It sometimes cut my father-in-law to the quick, and though he still went to meeting, (much of his practice depending upon it,) I have often heard him exclaim with infi-

"the late Mr. Godfrey!" pre-
with a very unchristian-

in occasional snarling,
displayed. I re-
trial of Mr. Haversham, for
his wife occurred, every body
about it, and that gentleman was
monster, because he had always
fond of the woman he was
destroyed, and she was not known
crossed him in any thing. On his
acquitted, but the public, who
these matters much better
jury, pronounced a verdict of
this subject was the topic of
I can very well recollect my
remarked, not being in a
that "if Mrs. Haversham
wives, and her husband had
her death, there were many ex-
" My mother, whose com-
was remarkably good in such cases,
apply the speech to herself, and

hesitated not to reply, bestowing one of her keenest glances on Mr. Mason, that "she believed it would not be difficult to find a husband, *even in that neighbourhood,* who would think no more of murdering a wife, than Mr. Haversham did, if like Mr. Haversham he had the means of bribing the court and jury, to ensure an acquittal."

My father's relations had declined taking any notice of my mother, from the period of her second marriage. This was always flung in Mr. Mason's face, as a prodigious sacrifice of interest, made to love, and to heighten, and supply the last embellishing touch to the compliment, it was followed up with a civil allusion to the beggary of his connexions, which regularly called forth something quite as courteous on his part, and often involved a fatherly description of my personal merits, while he celebrated his own generosity in marrying my mother, encumbered as she was, with "that uncouth, mischievous, goose-looking booby"—pointing at me.

This, I confess, I thought rather unhand-

some, but I had now grown too prudent to vindicate my morals or my beauty.

My father's relations had done with my mother, but they professed to pity "the poor child," as they called me. So they desired that I might be sent to a respectable day-school, and intimated that they would bear the expense. But this they occasionally forgot to do. My father-in-law was not remarkably strict in sending me, for even when the last quarter had been punctually paid, he often indulged me with a holiday, to carry out medicines for him in all directions. His patients, though not numerous, lived rather inconveniently distant, and could only be reached by consulting every point of the compass.

In consequence of these circumstances, my progress in learning was not astonishingly rapid. I knew how to decline *Musa*, got many of the rules of the Latin Grammar by rote, which I could repeat like a parrot, but without knowing how to apply one of them. I could moreover say, "how do you do?" or "pretty well, thank you," in French, and with the exception of a

few difficult words, and idiomatical phrases, manage to translate, (assisted by a vocabulary,) some of Perrin's fables. In fact, I obtained that glimpse of knowledge which is well calculated to mislead; that sample of education which makes ignorance ridiculous.

This however was sufficient for all parties, I alone excepted. The share Mr. Mason had in it, enabled him to talk of the great expenses thrown upon him by my education; my father's relations did not fail to assure me that I had been enriched by a gift which was infinitely more valuable than gold; and, my aunt Maxwell in particular, was never weary of ringing in my ears—

> "When house and land are gone and spent,
> Learning is most excellent."

If Mr. Mason was asked what he meant to do with me, he generally answered with great frankness, that "he did not know what I was fit for. For his part, he had done everything in his power to make me a useful member of society, but he could not flatter himself that his

efforts had been blessed with that result, which had been the object of his prayers, and he had come to the resolution of leaving it to my father's relations, to dispose of me as they thought proper. If he did anything of himself, he considerately remarked, they would be sure to say it was wrong, and he did not wish to give them offence."

My uncles and aunts, certainly hinted, that they had it in contemplation to do something for me. This was when I was a child. As I grew up, they evinced much praiseworthy delicacy, by abstaining for a long period from attempting anything for my benefit, which a person more captious in such matters than Mr. Mason was, could have viewed as offensive forwardness on their part.

But at length, when it was quite clear that they might act without shocking my father-in-law, they began to exert themselves in good earnest. It was soon announced, that they had procured a most eligible situation for me, as collecting clerk, to an eminent sugar broker in the city.



I was assured, that many a nobleman would give a handsome premium to obtain such a chance for his own son. No salary was to be paid the first year, but I was to receive thirty pounds for the second. Thenceforward the tide of affluence was to flow in upon me, and five pounds was to be added to my income in each succeeding year, which as my aunt Maxwell remarked, " by the time I should be a middle-aged man, of between sixty and seventy, would be a very pretty thing indeed!"

So it was considered that my fortune was as good as made.

I went to my place, not sorry to leave home, the requisite securities having been given, which of course were rather heavy, as it stands to reason, that where the emolument was to be so great, the trust must be considerable.

The labour I was told would be nothing, but I confess that I was rather inclined to differ from those who held this opinion. Among the advantages which belonged to the situation, I may mention, that even in summer it was never necessary for me to be at the office before five

in the morning, and I could always get home, at least I could always leave business, excepting in cases which were out of the common way, by eleven at night.

This was said to be very fortunate, from the great leisure which it left me for study, and I was gravely advised not to lose such an opportunity, by giving myself up to the pursuit of idle vanities and dissipated pleasures.

CHAPTER III.

I leave my Employer—My Uncle greatly exerts himself to get me a new Situation—Kind attention from eminent Men —My patriotism gains me a Friend—I romp with my Father-in-law's Maid-servant—Give a Smack and receive a Slap—Assault and battery—I form a very grand Resolution.

But the brilliant scene before me was destined soon to be overclouded. From morning till night I was constantly in the streets. The excessive toil imposed upon me, proved detrimental to my health, and also to my shoes, and clothes generally, which Mr. Mason regarded as a very serious affair. He in consequence determined to call on my employer, to suggest to him the propriety of allowing the stipulated remuneration for my services, to commence forthwith.

And having had his coat new cuffed for the occasion, he waited on the sugar broker and signified his wish.

The speech with which Mr. Mason prefaced this subject, and which feelingly set forth the fatal consequences, to my apparel, which resulted from the great exertions required from me, was answered in a very business-like manner. It was not to be supposed, my employer said, that I could follow any calling without wearing out clothes. He thought he had acted with uncommon liberality, in consenting to receive me without a premium. As to allowing me any money in the first year, that was not to be thought of for a moment, as he said Mr. Mason must be aware, that I was of very little value to him, while the knowledge of business which, through his means, I was acquiring, could not be other than highly beneficial to me.

Whether Mr. Mason was hurt by hearing me mentioned thus disparagingly, or that he thought sufficient respect had not been paid to his eloquence, I cannot positively say, but certain it is, that he was not pleased with this answer. He remarked in a tone of severe expostulation, that it was unreasonable to expect my services gratis for a whole year; and services,

too, so laborious in their character, that he, my employer, must know, such incessant toil would kill many a lad, in half the time.

This the sugar broker did not pretend to deny. He even said he was surprised that I had been able to stand it so long. He had never expected me to remain with him a year, but as he could always have others on the same terms, if I, or if Mr. Mason felt dissatisfied, I was welcome to go.

Indignant at this treatment, Mr. Mason instantly adopted the spirited resolve of taking me away. "He had no notion," he said, "of having a lad of my talents"—here I pricked up my ears—"treated in any such way, especially after the education he had given me." My employer laughed. Mr. Mason, in a glow of fine resolution, then added, that it was not so much the money he looked at, as at the littleness displayed in this business; and he wound up the whole by saying, that "I might as well play for nothing, as work for nothing."

Mr. Mason thought it no more than an act of common civility, he said, to let my aunt Max-

well, and the rest of my relations, know how I had been treated. They bore his vexation and my discomfiture with great fortitude, and did not suffer their indignation to betray them into any rash effort to serve me, which by exciting vain hopes, might only have made bad worse.

My father-in-law was always of opinion, that nothing could be so fatal to me as habits of idleness, and he accordingly restored me to my former occupation when at home. To this I submitted, but, with rather an ill grace. Had the question been put to me, I could not easily have pointed out what else I was fit for, but the distributing of physic, was little more to my taste than taking it would have been, and I was not at all pleased with the idea of being called a "Doctor's errand boy."

I had often a great disposition to run away. The army and navy were uppermost in my thoughts, and while carrying Mr. Mason's basket on my arm, or his mixtures and powders in my pocket, I was sometimes refreshed with a delicious dream of sights in foreign lands, and of opportunities for distinguishing myself by my

courage and presence of mind, and thus gaining the rank of General or Admiral. Such thoughts more than once, so completely absorbed my recollection, that I have passed every door at which I ought to have called, and taken the medicines back to Mr. Mason, before I had sufficiently recovered from my heroics to think about business, or of an excuse for neglecting it. I had then to receive civilities which, as General or Admiral, I had not anticipated, and I was awakened to recollection by being told with great emphasis, that I was a "stupid great hulking hound." Mr. Mason even went so far as to predict that such a useless piece of live lumber as I was, could never do any good either for himself or anybody else; that I should certainly, when I had no longer him to depend upon, become a beggar or a thief, and finish my career at the workhouse or the gallows.

And to this, my mother would sorrowfully assent, exclaiming with a sigh, "George Julius Cæsar" (these three words were what was called my name), "it is, alas! too true."

Some months passed in this manner. Though,

thanks to the kind care of my father-in-law, I was almost always in the streets, I did not acquire those habits of bustling activity, which it was possibly his object to impart. I rarely passed a book-stall without devoting half an hour to literature, and borrowing a newspaper for a penny; I used to saunter up the least frequented lanes and passages, reading as I crept, and studying the politics of the day.

At length great news came. My uncle Peter announced that a particular friend of his, had been chosen one of the Directors of a recently formed joint-stock Company, and through his influence be doubted not, I might be provided with a good situation, if I had but sense enough to keep it, when it was got.

I accordingly waited on my uncle at his house. As I went, I was all expectation and alarm, and grievously puzzled when I arrived at the door, to determine whether I ought to give a single, or a double knock. I was undecided to the last moment, and my hand shaking while I knocked, effected a very tolerable compromise between the two, by giving one audible rap, and

a slight one following, so ambiguously, that those who heard it might fairly doubt whether it was not by chance, that the second was no louder, or if it were not by accident, that it was given at all.

I was admitted, and saw my uncle. He annihilated me by the contemptuous tone of his condescension.

"How do, George; I am glad to see you well;" said he with something of an air of pleasantry, but yet in a way that admonished me to keep my distance.

I did not know what to say, but suspected that if silent I should be thought a simpleton, and so I plucked up a spirit, and swinging my hat backwards and forwards before me, with much nervous agitation, I said, "I had taken the liberty to call on him, as I understood he wished to see me."

"You understood *I* wished to see *you*," said my uncle; "you mean your mother wished *you* to see *me*. She wants me to get you a situation, but what can I do for you? Situations are now-a-days very scarce; there are so many

young men who want them, and clever young men too; and you, from all that I have heard, are not very likely to set the Thames on fire."

This facetious remark embarrassed me. I did not like to acquiesce in the reproach implied, yet could not controvert the report which he professed to have received, on the subject of my capacity. I was silent, but attempted to smile, and this recognition of his wit, did not seem to offend.

He proceeded—"You, however, are very much altered since I saw you—you have grown tall,"

I bowed; and endeavoured to draw up my arms within my coat sleeves, as when he spoke of my increasing size, I felt my elbows pressing forward to the neighbourhood of my cuffs.

"For my part," said my uncle, "I shall be glad to assist in getting you out in the world, and I will therefore take you to a friend of mine, who, if he should be pleased with your appearance, may be able to recommend you. You have breakfasted, of course, therefore it's no use

asking you to have any thing; so put on your hat, and we'll be off at once."

I did as directed, and soon found myself at the door of a large house in Broad Street. To the question of my uncle, if "Mr. Moonshine was at home," an answer was given in the affirmative, and we were speedily ushered into the presence.

"Ah, my dear Sir, how do you do," cried the director, kindly advancing, and shaking my uncle Peter by both his hands, "I am very glad to see you; I should have called, but you know how I am engaged."

"Certainly."

"Here I am from morning till night."

"You must, I know, have a great deal to do."

"Immense! You have no idea of it. Our concern, you see, is in such a flourishing state, that we have actually more business to do than we can find hands to execute."

"I dare say; but though that is hard upon you, I am not altogether sorry to hear it, as I

have brought this lad, whom I wish to serve, and who is, in fact, a relation of mine—a very distant one."

Here my uncle directed a most expressive glance at me, which evidently meant, "expect nothing from me, if, you do not take care never to let it be known that you are actually the son of my own brother. Neglect this and I will take good care that for the time to come, you shall really be a *distant* relation."

"My dear Sir," Mr. Moonshine replied, taking my uncle by the hand, with still greater cordiality than before, "I shall always be happy to serve any relation of your's: but you, Mr. Godfrey, who are a man of sense—you, I say, who know the world, must be aware of the numerous applications made to an individual in my situation. They exceed in number any thing you can by possibility imagine."

"I know it," said my uncle, who seemed not less anxious to prove himself a sensible man in Mr. Moonshine's eyes, than to get me employment.

"And therefore," said the Director, "though

extremely anxious to serve any one recommended by you, but more especially a relation"—

"A distant relation," said my uncle Peter.

"Yet I cannot do any thing at this moment."

"I could not ask it, Sir," said my uncle, who was evidently hurt, at the bare idea of his being supposed to wish for such a thing.

"Believe me, it is affliction to me, not to comply at the moment."

"Now you distress me," cried my uncle Peter. "Really, I am sorry I named it."

"But I assure you I am grieved that I"—

"Pray don't mention it. It is not the slightest disappointment. No, I was only thinking—indeed I said to this lad's parents—says I, I think I can take the liberty to mention the case to my excellent friend Mr. Moonshine, as I very well know if any thing can be done, he is the man."

"Your friendship over-rated my importance. You may depend upon it, however, that I will bear it in mind."

"I am very, very much obliged to you."

"Don't mention it. How late it is! Why

the clock strikes two, and I have to meet Sir Tristram M'Kenzie. By the bye, will you take any thing this morning?"

My uncle evidently understood this to mean "walk out," which indeed was exactly the translation I should have given of it, taking the words, with the look and manner, which accompanied them, and accordingly the answer he gave on that impression was—"No, I thank you, I must be going."

And then shaking hands again,—Mr. Moonshine declaring that he would not forget me, and my uncle expressing the warmest gratitude for such prodigious kindness, this very polite scene was brought to a close by my uncle Peter walking me out, Mr. Moonshine being good enough to ring the bell for his livery servant, to open the door for us, that we might not be unnecessarily detained on his premises.

"It is prudent," said my uncle Peter, "when we found ourselves fairly in the street (he having first satisfied himself that the door of Mr. Moonshine's house was closed, and that nobody belonging to the great man was within

ear shot,)—"it is prudent to mind one's *P's* and *Q's* with these upstart fellows. It required a great deal of care to manage Mr. Moonshine; and if I had not used due caution, instead of succeeding, as I have done, in getting him to interest himself for you, ten to one but he would have turned on his heel, and told me that he was busy; yet I remember him nothing more than a clerk at old Carter's, with a salary of about seventy pounds per annum."

As my uncle was so well satisfied with the result of his application to Mr. Moonshine, I took it for granted that a great deal of good had been done for me. It vexed me, at the moment, that I was too stupid to find out in what that good consisted. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but I am still as much in the dark as ever.

It is no more than justice, however, to my friendly relation, to say that what he called "his efforts," in my behalf, did not end here. He gave me not fewer than a dozen letters of introduction, or recommendation, to different individuals of wealth and influence. I waited on

each of them; because, as my mother, and Mr. Mason too, remarked, "if it did no good, it could do no harm."

In most cases, I was so fortunate as to find my way to the important personages who were to charge themselves with my future advancement. The letter I delivered was opened; and, as far as I could judge, every third line of it, or thereabouts, read. To the reading succeeded an expression of regret, that I had not been earlier in my application, with a still stronger one of sorrow, that there was nothing at all for me now. My answers, which I had been taught by my uncle, who correctly anticipated the kind attentions I was to receive, were, "You are particularly good, Sir," and, "I am greatly obliged to you." These speeches, and the manner in which they were delivered, seemed to make a favourable impression, and most of the gentlemen were so far won by my becoming deportment, as to promise that they would remember my application. Perhaps they all did. Some told me I might expect to hear from them. I have not yet received any communication from

these patrons; but for any thing I know to the contrary, they may send to me shortly.

My father-in-law continued to snub and snarl at me. To hear any thing in my own praise from him never fell to my lot. I was even rated for the misdeeds of Mr. Mason's children; because, as he and my mother agreed, (and this was about the only thing in which they could, or at least did agree,) "that what they did amiss was all my fault, as I was old enough to teach them better."

Occasionally, I was consoled to hear others who were not biassed by natural affection, speak more favourably of me. Once in particular, I was much delighted with a compliment which I received; and as I may have again to advert to the incident, I shall be rather particular in telling how it occurred.

Mr. Mason's patients were generally people in such moderate circumstances, that they paid but indifferently for what he contributed towards their destruction. He, however, about this time got hold of the female cousin of Mr Alderton, the auctioneer, who was then consi-

dered to be a very great man. Not wishing to lose such a connection, which my father-in-law fondly hoped would introduce him to a superior course of practice, he took care to keep her name on his list, as long as possible.

I went to Mr. Alderton's so often, in consequence of the successful and unremitting cares of Mr. Mason, that I at length grew intimate with the auctioneer's clerk. He was an important personage; and when I first had the temerity to accost him, he gave me a look which reminded me at once of the difference between us. His dignity overpowered me. But subsequently, he learned that I was the son of the doctor, and not merely his errand lad; and this made out to his satisfaction, he was no longer repulsive, but on the contrary made some advances to me, and considered, as he afterwards told me, that in getting acquainted with the son of a medical practitioner, he was forming a genteel connexion.

When I went to Alderton's one day, my friend was at the door.

"Great news!" I exclaimed, "great news,

my dear Skim," (Skim was his cognomen,) " you will be delighted to hear it."

" What is it?" he eagerly demanded.

" Our army has defeated the French, with the loss of twenty thousand men, and a hundred pieces of cannon."

" What good will that ever do for you or for me, I should like to know?" replied, exclaimed, or inquired Mr. Skim.

And having thus spoken, he turned up his eyes with a look of scorn, which I thought disrespectful to me, and my news, and which was the more unpardonable, as the latter was so intimately connected with the glory of the country.

This I rather tartly intimated.

" The glory of the country!" said Mr. Skim, " is a fine sounding thing, but you may leave it for others to prate about. You would have had more to rejoice for, if you had had the good luck to find half a crown."

" Half a crown!" I exclaimed, disdainfully parodying his repetition of my ' glory of the country!' " no, Mr. Skim, I should not have

felt the exultation which now swells my heart, if instead of half a crown, I had found five shillings."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Skim.

"And," said I, with considerable warmth, partly springing from patriotism, and partly from resentment, "I think every English heart, ought to be gladdened with the news of a victory, so splendid and complete."

"You are right—you are right," exclaimed Mr. Alderton, who without my being aware of it, happened to arrive just in time to hear my commencement, and who had listened with great interest as I proceeded.

I looked sheepish, and shrunk back, blushing for the eloquent display in which I had indulged.

But Mr. Alderton was most anxious to reassure me, and cordially grasping me by the hand, he said,

"Your sentiments, young man, do honour to you. Every patriot must be delighted with the news."

He then went on to inquire what I had heard

on the subject, and whether the Gazette Extraordinary was yet out.

On this point I was enabled to satisfy him, and he kindly thanked me. He again complimented me on my truly English feelings, and added half aside to Mr. Skim, but loud enough for me to hear—

"A fine young fellow that. I warrant he will make a bright man one day."

Though Mr. Alderton's countenance was a little, or rather not a little forbidding, I found his manner extremely pleasant at the time, and have often admired the acuteness of his judgment since.

I went home, as happy as a prince, repeating to myself the flattering and sensible prediction which Mr. Alderton had hazarded. My glee was presently repressed by Mr. Mason, who when I attempted to recount the news to him, lectured me for the delay I had made, and told me it would "better become a chap like me, to be looking out for something to do, than to be meddling with politics."

I will not dwell on this period of my history. My mother and Mr. Mason continued to reproach me for doing nothing, and for being fit for nothing. They blamed me for my want of address, to conceal which, and my indifferent apparel, I was commonly ordered to the kitchen. Here the servant, a red raw country wench, who had lately been engaged by my mother at six guineas per annum, and her tea, used sometimes to converse with me in a confidential manner, condoling with me on the treatment I received, and inviting my sympathy for her, on account of the hard place she had. Jenny however soon got over her trouble, and seemed reconciled to the arrangements of Mr. Mason's family. Her improved spirits, made me somewhat cheerful at times. From jocular conversation, we proceeded by degrees to romping, and once I went so far as to give her a kiss. This being suddenly accomplished, she gave an involuntary start, and a batter pudding, which she had in her hands, and was carrying to the oven, was in an instant annihilated, to

the great prejudice of my waistcoat and trowsers, which received the overflow from the baking dish.

At this unlucky moment, Mr. Mason, who somehow or other suspected that all was not right below, made his appearance, and in the same instant, I received a gentle tap on the side of my cheek, which caused me and the batter to bound from the kitchen with indescribable velocity. My father-in-law attempted to follow up his advantage, but I was too quick for him, and without further injury, carried the pudding into the street, to the infinite dismay of my mother, and the prodigious entertainment of the passers by, who regarded the exhibition, as a marvellously pretty bit of pantomime.

The consequences of this affair were formidable. The storm which awaited me on my return, was bad enough, but the worst was the angry calm which followed, and the moral and religious admonitions of which it became the subject. In these, Mr. Mason excelled, and most pathetically lamented my baseness of

heart, which he said proved that I was "dead in trespasses and sins," since I could introduce such doings under his roof. He appealed to me if this was the return he had a right to expect, for all the kindness he had shown me, and for the example it had been his care to place before my eyes.

Then my mother took up the subject. Her fears rather pointed to an imprudent marriage, into which she suspected I was inclined to enter. She applied herself to impress on my mind, how exceedingly wrong it would be, in me, to marry beneath me, and without the consent and approbation of my friends. If I so disgraced myself, she said I could not expect that either she, or Mr. Mason would ever look upon me again, as those who married without the concurrence of their relatives, deserved all they might get for it, even though they should "sup sorrow by spoonfuls."

For Jenny, who was considered my partner in crime, my mother raved at the mention of her name. "The saucy, nasty, good for nothing hussey," with about forty other equally strong

epithets, were constantly on her tongue, and she would continue to ring the changes on them, with great spirit for a quarter of an hour together. This relieved her considerably, but still she was not satisfied, and at first was resolved that she should at once "be sent about her business, bag and baggage." But then it occurred to her, that Jenny's three predecessors had each left at the end of a fortnight, declaring that they would, on no account, stay in so beggarly a place, and as Mr. Mason urged, that to turn the girl out of doors would be pushing matters a little too far, this was not insisted upon.

But the matter was not forgotten, and my immoral conduct, and the batter pudding, were every day flung in my teeth. This state of constant disgrace, added to the other annoyances of which I thought I had a right to complain, became at length, in my estimation, quite intolerable.

With the feeling above described, I resolved to close this wearisome scene as soon as possible, and made up my mind to run away. My plan

was rather a bold one. I had been several times to a private theatre, to see Mr. Skim act *Rolla*, and *Richard the Third*, and I felt thoroughly persuaded that I had talents which fitted me for the higher walks of the drama. I had never made an experiment before an audience, in consequence of my finances not being sufficiently flourishing to meet a subscription of two shillings a week, which was paid by my more affluent friend. But Mr. Skim knew a country actor. I had no doubt that he would give me a letter to him, and that I could thus get introduced to a manager, who I thought would soon give me an engagement. That done, I promised myself present pay, early fame, and future fortune.

This matter being decided upon, I began to prepare for leaving the house of my father-in-law, without bidding either him or my mother farewell.

CHAPTER IV.

My friend wants discernment to perceive my talents—I am offered a new engagement—Mr. Haversham's guilt proved to my entire satisfaction—I meet with an adventure—Am insulted and knocked down, and taken to the watchhouse for the same—I make my appearance at a police office, am proved to be poor and friendless, and condemned accordingly.

THE first thing to be done, was to open my mind to Skim. I repaired to Mr. Alderton's for that purpose, but had not had time to state my plan, when my friend accosted me in a congratulatory tone, and told me that he had something agreeable to tell me.

"You have heard," said he, "of the celebrated Haversham, that murdered his wife some years ago. Well, there is a very fine estate which was his before he was married, that we have got the selling of, with all the furniture and appurtenances. The sale will last a week, and the preparations for it will find us occupa-

tion for a month. Now Mr. Alderton, who has often spoken of you, says if your friends like it, he will engage you as an extra clerk for this occasion, and should you give satisfaction, when Gibbons, who is going to the West Indies, leaves us, you shall be regularly taken on."

He paused, and waited for me to express the rapture, which he took it for granted, tidings like these could not fail to inspire.

My answer did not exactly come up to his expectations, for the triumphant stage career, which I had marked out for myself, and had in fact mentally already accomplished, seemed to me decidedly preferable to what was now proposed.

Not but to become an auctioneer's clerk, seemed to me a very genteel thing.

I however told my friend, what had brought me there, what my views had been, and appealed to him if my project was not a good one.

Mr. Skim replied, " that he could not have thought that I was so stupid, as to take up

such an idea for a moment," and the opinion thus frankly avowed, he proceeded to support, by a reference to my voice, figure, and deportment, which he described to be feeble, ungraceful, and ridiculous, and by referring to my general want of talent.

I could with great pleasure have commenced my career as a tragedian in that moment, by plunging a dagger into the heart of Skim; but as I reflected that doing so would not procure me an introduction to the stage, which I had no means of getting but from him, I dissembled as well as I could. I thanked him for his frankness, admitted that he was likely to be the best judge, and secretly overwhelming him with execrations, resolved to watch for an opportunity of proving that he knew nothing at all about the matter.

Foiled in my grand design, the next best thing, was obviously to accept the occupation which had been offered. This my friend undertook to show me, would bring with it advantages on which I had not calculated.

"We shall have a rare jolly time of it," said he, "before Alderton gets down, as I shall be as good as master of the house. While at the assassin's old residence, we shall have a pony or two at our command, and we can easily have a run to his present abode. You have heard of the priory, I suppose — Varnham Priory—a devilish fine building, about five times as big as Carlton House—with a tall tower, built for an observatory, twice as high as St. Paul's.

I said I had heard of Mr. Haversham's splendid mansion, but had always understood that he allowed no one to approach it.

"That is true. However, he cannot help our getting a view of the outside of it from the adjoining grounds, and I should not wonder as some of the servants where we are going, belonged formerly to the Priory, if through their means, we contrived to get fairly into the house."

I said I should like that much, and my curiosity was somewhat excited, respecting a man who so studiously shunned society, as I under-

stood Mr. Haversham had done, for a long period.

"He shunned society!" exclaimed Mr. Skim, "no such thing—society has long shunned him."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, the fact is. all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood gave him the cut, when they knew for certain that he had committed a murder."

"But how did they know that?"

"O! every body knows it as well as I know your name to be George Godfrey. Mrs. Haversham was, as I understand, a most beautiful woman; and he, at the time they were married, was very well himself to look at. Well, he took her to the Priory, then but half its present size, there to reside, for the greater part of the year. His wealth was boundless, and he decorated his abode with the most costly furniture, pictures, and all that sort of thing; and the grounds received the most fanciful additions. To him expense was no object, and at every turn you saw costly embellishments, each of

which would have swallowed up the whole fortune of many, who are considered people of good means.

"This taste," I said, "I have heard he continues to indulge."

"The Priory will be all the better worth seeing, if we can manage it."

"Of that I suppose there is but little chance."

"Why, I don't know; he is very careful how he admits any one, for fear, no doubt, lest some circumstance or other should be discovered which may yet bring him to justice."

"You speak of his guilt as being proved to the fullest extent."

"To be sure I do. The fact is, I had it from a quarter on which I can depend—from a party who was in the Priory at the time. He heard the poor lady's screams at midnight, when the wretch was about to throw her into the canal. He saw Haversham cautiously stealing from the building, to perpetrate the crime; and, after it was completed, beheld him return in great apparent disorder and alarm."

"How then," said I, "did he happen to get off?"

"Money! money! And then he's a devilish clever fellow you must know, and made a speech three quarters of an hour long, which set all the jurymen crying. He carried his point there, but it would not do elsewhere."

"And a good thing too," said I, "that it would not; for my doubts were completely removed by the answers I had received;" and I added, in a fine moral strain, "with all his wealth, I dare say he is unhappy."

"He is miserable! Why, he can't sleep at nights, and is so afraid of ghosts, that he often has the workmen about him, labouring by torch-light, till ten, eleven, twelve—one o'clock."

This pretty romantic story of Skim's pleased me vastly, and made me well content to close with Mr. Alderton. The business was soon settled. He agreed to give me ten pounds for three months certain, at the same time assuring me, that the presents, and various advantages to which the situation naturally led, would more than double that sum. He finished, by saying,

I might have a bed in his house for a time, that, by being constantly in the way of business, I might get a little notion of what I should be required to do.

It was arranged that same afternoon, that I should go to Mr. Alderton's on the following Monday but one. That being determined upon, I directed my steps homeward with a lighter heart than usual.

I was passing by the end of Bow Street, near Drury Lane Theatre, when a middle aged female of respectable appearance, asked me, with great earnestness, if I had met a young lady in a white scarf. Her agitation struck me as extraordinary, and, for a moment, I was silent.

"Pray tell me!" she exclaimed—"a dreadful disturbance in the street has just separated her from me, and I know not which way she has gone."

I answered, that I had not seen any one whose appearance corresponded with the description which she had given.

My negative was scarcely expressed, when she rushed forward to make a new inquiry of the next person who approached.

I saw the crowd to which I supposed she had alluded, and perceived in the midst of it two men fighting. I crossed, and was walking down York Street, when I saw a female, whose dress and manner satisfied me, that she was the young lady, respecting whom I had been questioned.

She was standing on the step of a door, apparently looking for her lost protectress. Two fashionably dressed young men, had made a halt close to her; and as she, in evident distress, looked up or down the street—" is it me you look for?"—" is it me you want my dear?" were the interrogatories addressed to her by these individuals.

With much trepidation, and with perfect simplicity of manner, she replied to them—" No, Sir—no, Sir, indeed;" still anxiously seeking her vanished friend.

" Take my arm," said one of the gentlemen;

" come with me, and I will take you where you want to go." And with these words he advanced close to her.

She was startled! and, with great agitation, declined the proferred courtesy, still looking in every direction for her mother, (as I supposed the female to be,) whom I had just seen.

I now stepped up to her, and said, " I believe you want an elderly lady, from whom you have just parted."

" Yes! yes!" she eagerly replied.

" Then," said I, " I think I can take you to her."

" You! you Johnny! Who the devil are you?" cried one of the gentlemen.

There was something uncivil in the tone of this speech which I felt a little disposed to resent; but yet, as the party from whom it proceeded seemed rather more than a match for me, I had the good manners to be silent.

The lady bounded forward like a hare, in the direction, which I had intimated by my gestures, it was necessary to take. Just then, I perceived the elderly lady turn the corner. The young

one joined her, and turned to thank me, in a tone so sweetly affable, that I thought it demanded my best language in reply to it.

"If I have rendered you the slightest assistance," said I, "believe me, I feel overpaid; and——"

I have hardly a doubt that the sentence would have finished, as elegantly as it began, but, to give it greater effect, I had made a fine bow, and my whole person was gracefully poised on my left leg, when the two sparks, whose civilities I had interrupted, came up, and one of them, putting his right foot suddenly in contact with my shin, I fell sprawling before the ladies, to the serious inconvenience of my nose, which, from the suddenness of the accident, I had no opportunity of protecting from the pavement.

To be interrupted in the finest part of a fine speech, is no trifle. A Member of Parliament can seldom bear it with patience, and I had no notion of being *put down* in this way. While rising, I had not much time for reflection; but I remember the thought darted across my

mind, that the indignity which I had sustained was one which no auctioneer's clerk, (as was to be), ought to brook; and so, the instant I regained my feet, I prepared to make use of my hands, by aiming blows right and left, at the head of the aggressor.

Prevented as I had been, from displaying my eloquence, I was anxious to make up for it by exhibiting my prowess, and therefore attacked the enemy with great resolution. My efforts were crowned with anything but success. My antagonist, as I subsequently learned, having had the benefit of a polite education, had been taught to box, by Jack Slouch the dustman. He therefore warded off my blows with ease, and returned on me with effect. He gave me, first, "*a rum one in the bread-basket:*" next "he *toppered my smellers;*" then he "*drew the claret from my potatoe trap;*" and afterwards he "*measured my daylights for mourning.*"

This I afterwards understood, for not having been at that period much in genteel society, I was able to furnish, for some time afterwards, but a very lame account of the affair, as I could only

say that my face and person had suffered severely, without my having had the satisfaction of inflicting anything like equal punishment on my enemy.

I, however, was the more eager to continue the fight, in proportion as I felt that I was considerably his debtor, having received not a few exceedingly well-directed blows, for which I had made nothing like that return, which the generous warmth of my nature, suggested would be no more than was proper.

And so, for revenge, I continued to expose myself to that discipline, which the stranger was certainly disposed to administer, with an unsparing hand.

We were interrupted by the watchmen, who just then chanced to come on duty. One of them seized me by the arm, and while thus restrained, I was honoured with what I have since learned to call a *facer*. I struggled violently to get loose. The nocturnal authorities, into whose hands I had now fallen, were excessively scandalised by conduct so refractory on my part, but a blow from the bludgeon of one of them pre-

vented a continuance of such disorderly behaviour, and made me as peaceable as a lamb: in a word, it completely stunned me.

What immediately followed, I cannot accurately describe. I have a faint recollection of the interior of a watchhouse—an interrogating constable of the night—and two or three pots of porter dancing before my eyes, of which, by the way, I was not invited to partake; malt liquor being considered, perhaps, to be unfit for a person in my situation.

When I came perfectly to myself, I was in a gloomy apartment, which seemed to me to be an underground kitchen or cellar. What mainly contributed to my restoration, was the presence of a hand in one of my pockets, which had not been inserted by me. The fact is, I was confined with a set of ruffians and thieves, the produce of the night's *watching*, and one of my fellow-prisoners, had taken up the idea that something might be done even there, and proposed to relieve me from the care of any property, which might happen to be about my person.

Fortunately for me, considering in what society I found myself, I was in little danger of suffering from the dishonesty of my neighbours. The utmost vigilance of the worthies near me, and the nicest perception belonging to such experienced hands, could not make my pockets productive.

The pain which I felt from the blows I had received was not slight, but that was nothing to the mental anguish of which I found myself the prey. Hour after hour rolled on, in bitter rumination, which only furnished the wretched varieties of rage, growing on the past, and of shame and apprehension, springing from the anticipation of what was yet to come

While I was in this frame of mind, a raggamuffin, who had not before approached, came up to me, and slightly touched me with his elbow.

"Is it anything particular?" he whispered.

"What?" I inquired.

"Is it anything, I mean, for which you are likely to be *lagged* or *scragged*."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Nonsense! you don't mean to come it that you are not a *family man.*"

Such language was wholly unintelligible to me. I could not even guess at the meaning of the speaker.

"Is it a felony," he then demanded, "which brings you here?"

I could now comprehend him very well, and a start of anger was the only reply I deigned to give.

"Because," my neighbour proceeded, "if it is, it's no use, you know, to deny it here; and if you have got anything that you want out of the way, before we go before the *beak*, I can take care of it for you, and have it moved off to a place of safety, where you can afterwards nab it again; that's all I spoke for."

I replied that "I had no occasion for his kind assistance." This was certainly true, but had it been otherwise with me than it was, I should hardly have sought to avail myself of his services, as I firmly believe that this was only a new attempt to rob me.

" I am not such a fool," I said to myself, " as to believe, that while you are here confined, it is in your power to convey property which I might entrust to your keeping, to any other place.

But the sagacious conclusion to which I had come, was anything but well founded. Soon after our conversation had terminated, I remarked a movement forward, and perceived that a small basket had been lowered to the window of this apartment, from a grating above, into which several of my companions hastened to drop certain articles which they had previously concealed. The basket was drawn up. It again descended, and, presently, the fumes of geneva, told me that liquor had been furnished, in return for what had been placed in it by the thieves.

Though I was in no very talkative mood, what I had just witnessed, roused my curiosity so far, that I put a few questions to my neighbours on the subject; in answer to which I was informed that there was a flash-house in the neighbourhood, the holder of which made a great deal of money, by the comfort and assistance thus

afforded to robbers while in durance. At a particular period of the night, or morning rather, the professional depredator, who found himself located as I was, knew that *soundings* were to be expected. The basket being first let down empty, conveyed to upper air watches or other valuables. These, on being subsequently claimed by the purloiner, were punctually given up, a commission, or per centage, being allowed to the temporary holder of them, and the spirits supplied, being paid for.

The morning dawned, it became broad day, and at length the dreaded hour arrived, which was to introduce me to the police office. I shrunk from the exposure which I must undergo, in being placed at the bar, but doubted not my ability to prove, that I had been guilty of no offence.

Several of my fellow-lodgers, had been dismissed with admonitions from the magistrate, for the regulation of their future conduct, before my turn came. A general titter ran through the office as I advanced to the bar, and even the gravity of Sir Benjamin Bray, who

presided, was somewhat relaxed, by the comical figure, which in my person was placed before him.

Perhaps it will be edifying to the reader, to know what the peculiarities were, which so powerfully excited the risibility of a justice of the peace, and his humane assistants.

In the first place, my face was much stained with blood, my cheek having been laid open by the blows which I had received. One of my eyes was greatly discoloured, and the other so swollen as to be almost closed. My lip was cut, and an enormous bump, for which I had to thank the bludgeon of one of the watchmen, appeared on my forehead. Add to these an air of extreme languor, growing on the want of refreshment, and anxiety, and it will easily be conceived that a picture of misery was produced, which must have been irresistibly droll.

But this was not all. My hair was matted, and my hat squeezed into a shape for which mathematicians have not yet been able to furnish a name. My apparel generally, was not, before this affair, in remarkably good condition, being

in a state of natural decay from old age, and, of course, exceedingly susceptible of violence. The consequences, therefore, of the rude conflict in which I had been engaged, were serious indeed, so far as dress was concerned. The right arm of my coat was nearly detached from the body, and half of the tail was missing. The tatters of my garments, which remained attached to my person were covered with mud, and in addition to all these misfortunes, no friend appeared near me to give me countenance or advice. The gentry of the police, saw a poor lad, weak and bleeding, ragged and friendless. Who could help laughing at such a mirth-inspiring spectacle?

On the other hand, there stood my accuser in a situation well fitted to inspire respect. In the first place, he had used the precaution of putting on a coat, which, from its superior texture and workmanship, was admirably calculated to make an impression in his favour. Besides being of the finest superfine cloth, and quite new, it was lined with silk, and covered with decorative braiding. He, had received but two

or three slight contusions from my ill-directed blows, and having had the benefit of supper, bed, breakfast, those great contributors to respectability of appearance, nothing could be more striking than the contrast between his mild and gentlemanly aspect, and my ferocious and ruffianly exhibition.

The circumstances which I have enumerated gave him sufficient advantage over me; but in addition to all these, one other may be named, though last not least—he was a Lord.

Yes, I had been so unfortunate as to encounter no less a personage than my Lord Moffatville. He had previously distinguished himself as a friend to good order, by knocking down eight or ten suspicious characters, who had been so refractory as not to move out of his way with sufficient expedition, when he deemed it necessary for the public good to make a rapid advance in the street; and, moreover, he had got a Lieutenant on duty very properly imprisoned, for committing the outrage of sending a challenge to him, merely because he had taken the

harmless liberty of pushing against this officer, telling him that he was no gentleman, and asking " who the devil he was."

Such being the character of my prosecutor, he was, of course, received with great respect by Sir Benjamin Bray.

" Will your lordship do me the honour to step round," said he, in a tone of winning suavity; and twenty pair of saucer eyes, said as plainly as they could stare, " what a very amiable man Sir Benjamin is!"

His lordship did Sir Benjamin the honour of passing round, and took his seat on the bench with " the worthy magistrate."

Sir Benjamin, as his lordship approached the seat reserved for him, gracefully rose, and bobbed his head forward, and another part of his person backward. Then he expressed his hope, that the noble lord did not feel the draught very troublesome; and being satisfied on this point by a negative, pronounced with a grin of all surpassing courtesy, Sir Benjamin, happy in the opportunity thus afforded him, of displaying all his good breeding, and know-

ledge of the forms of polite society, seated himself, and prepared for business.

His lordship being called upon to state the charge, expressed with becoming sensibility, the great pain which it gave him to appear there as a prosecutor, but neatly added, a sense of public duty was, with him, paramount to every other consideration.

This very clever exordium being disposed of, he went on to state, that, passing along one of the neighbouring streets on the preceding evening, his attention was attracted for a moment by my indecorous conduct, as I had made myself conspicuous by the freedoms I was taking with a disorderly female, who, however bad she might be, seemed anxious to escape from my indecorous attentions. These, however, were continued, and with such extravagance, that the female at last gave me a push, which threw me down. At that moment, he and his friend happened to approach the spot, and, without saying one word, I started on my feet, and gave him a violent blow in the face, the effects of which Sir Benjamin might see. He

had then struck me in self-defence, and the watchman coming up, he had judged it proper to give me in charge.

This string of falsehoods so irritated me, that I could not help making repeated efforts to contradict them. "No, I did not!"—"it was you that knocked me down!"—"it's false!" were the exclamations which involuntarily burst from me: but as often as I broke out, I was checked by the magistrate, who, with great dignity, checked my speech at once, by calling out, "order"—"silence, fellow"—"I see what you are."—"Do you know where you are?"

When my lord had finished, his friend said he had nothing to offer, but his fullest corroboration of all that had been stated.

Then the watchmen spoke to my extraordinary violence, and exhibited their heads and lanterns, as witnesses against me, declaring, that if this charge had not been preferred, they would have brought me to the office, for "obstructing them, in the performance of their duty."

At length, the time for making my defence

arrived; and, all rage at the misrepresentations which I had heard, I commenced my vindication, in a rambling, and not very intelligible manner. The number of listeners appalled me;—I was almost scared at the sound of my own voice—and the coarse bawl of the magistrate to me, to "speak up," nothing abated my embarrassment. It made me start, and suddenly alter my tone, which produced a general burst of contemptuous laughter.

I began thus—

"As I was going along yesterday, returning from the west end of the town——"

"Well, we don't want to hear any thing about the west end of the town," interrupted Sir Benjamin.

I proceeded.—"A middle aged lady came up to me——"

"We don't want to hear about middle aged ladies coming up to you."

"And she asked me——"

"You are not called upon to tell us what she asked you, but we ask you, what you have to say to this charge?"

"The female I have mentioned, enquired, with great agitation, if I had seen a young lady——"

"It is really very odd, that you cannot confine yourself to the question; we cannot be kept all day, to hear your cock and a bull story, about the west end of the town, and of your meeting young ladies, and old ladies, and the lord knows what."

"I was going to explain——"

"I don't ask what you were going to explain, but I want to know what you have to say for yourself;—what are you?"

The question was rather a puzzler; I did not like to say "nothing;" so I paused, till, perceiving that the magistrate was becoming impatient, I stammered out, scarcely knowing what I said—

"What am I?"

"Aye," returned Sir Benjamin, "what are you, I say—are you a thief?"

This nettled me exceedingly; and my anger, for a moment, triumphed over my embarrassment, while I resolutely answered—

"No, Sir Benjamin, I am no more a thief than you are, and you have no right to suppose that I am one."

"You are an impudent fellow," retorted Sir Benjamin, "that I can plainly see. If, as you say, you are not a thief, what are you? I suppose, you have some very good reason for being silent, but I will know what it is, before you and I part."

I was then obliged to tell what I was, and what I expected to be. My reluctance to explain the precise state of my fortunes and expectations, afforded great entertainment to Sir Benjamin, and those about him, who never failed to laugh at his good things, and at my distress.

In the end, however, the noble lord, as he was about to proceed to the Continent on a tour, declined prosecuting me, for the assault which *he* had committed. Sir Benjamin then told me, that "I ought to go down on my knees to thank my humane opponent for his goodness;" but as I omitted to do so, he added, that, as he plainly perceived I was a desperate charac-

ter, he felt that it was incumbent on him, to order me to find bail, to keep the peace towards all his majesty's subjects.

I was then taken from the bar. Having got towards the outer part of the office, I put on my hat. " Take off your hat." was vociferated by Sir Benjamin. I did not suppose the words were addressed to me, and failed to obey the mandate. He then called out in a voice of thunder to the officers—" knock it off."

This operation was instantly performed.

CHAPTER V.

I am bailed, and, in consequence of the late proceedings, get into a new suit—My Mother, and Mr. Mason, give me a very warm reception, and predict some important changes in my situation—My examination is published—Exact description of my dress, manner, and language, by a professional historian—I deport myself with great modesty, notwithstanding my celebrity.

As I recovered my hat, and staggered towards the door of the office, it did not occur to me that I had any great reason to congratulate myself, on the wonderful lenity displayed by his lordship. To the call made on me for bail, I could give no answer—I knew not even to whom I could apply.

I thought of my uncle Peter, and my aunt Maxwell; but, remembering the great patience with which they had endured all my former sufferings, I wanted resolution to send to them.

While I was thus musing, the officers had paused, I knew not why, and, for several minutes, I indulged in all the luxury of such reflections as I have described, without molestation. I supposed they were about to lock me up, when I saw a gentlemanly looking man, rather advanced in years, approach, who accosted me in a tone of mildness and compassion, such as I had not heard before, within those walls.

" Come this way, young gentleman," said he; and, while he spoke, my late attendants retired.

I obeyed the invitation so unexpectedly received, and was informed that I was free to go where I pleased. My unknown friend, for a friend I rightly considered him, invited me to accompany him home. He then informed me, that he was interested for the young lady, whom I had seen on the preceding evening. It was from his wife, that she had been accidentally separated; and, grateful for the service I had attempted to render, the ladies were much distressed by the unfortunate con-

sequences of my interference. He had learned that I had been taken into custody, and had proposed coming forward in my behalf, at the Police Office, but had been waiting the greater part of the morning at another establishment, where he expected me to appear. Through this accident, he did not arrive where he found me, till after the case had been dismissed. He attempted to vindicate my conduct, but was silenced by Sir Benjamin Bray, who, however, could not refuse the bail which he tendered.

I expressed my thanks, as well as I could, but was still much embarrassed by the attendance of a mob, who attracted by my uncouth appearance, followed me with all the usual varieties of extemporary derision. From this uncomfortable situation, I was extricated by a hackney coach being called, into which I was assisted by my new acquaintance. It stopped at the door of a respectable house, and I was politely requested to enter.

Refreshments were supplied, and after I had washed, my conductor having entreated my forgiveness for the liberty he was about to take,

begged to remark, that as he and I were nearly of a size, and as my clothes had suffered in his cause, he must request me to put on a suit of his, as he could not think of allowing me to appear before my friends in my own, torn and soiled as they were.

I said something about declining to avail myself of this kindness, but he was peremptory. I again expressed reluctance, but when earnestly pressed to accept a perfectly new suit, I felt an involuntary joy animate my whole frame, at the idea of getting put into genteel attire at so cheap a rate; and melancholy anticipation followed the first throb of extacy, that when these were worn out, I should not have the luck to obtain a fresh supply, on such favourable terms.

Before I was allowed to take my departure, the ladies who were the cause of my being there, with a second young female, made their appearance. Applause and commiseration were most liberally administered. Such treatment, made me almost suspect that I had got into another world—a world in all respects, delightfully unlike the one in which I had previously existed.

And this, I especially felt when the younger Miss Hill (Hill I now understood to be the name of the family to which I had been thus oddly introduced), gently taking me by the hand, expressed her sense of the kind anxiety, I had manifested to serve her, and her sorrow for the unfortunate consequences to which it had led. I could scarcely contain myself, while thus accosted by a lovely blooming creature of sixteen.

It was about two o'clock in the day, when I made my appearance at home, where I met with a warm reception.

My mother, who had been crying through the morning, and saying all the pathetic things she could think of, on the subject of my supposed death, which she was quite sure had taken place, no sooner saw me returned and likely to live, than she flew at me like a tigress, boxed my ears, and asked "what I meant by coming there, after passing my night with a set of wicked, abominable, vile wretches, like a good for nothing fellow as I was?"

And Mr. Mason, who had kept up his spirits during my absence, much better than my mother,

chimed in without listening to hear one word of my defence, by rebuking me in his sternest tone, "for the dissolute course of life, which, he plainly perceived it was still my resolution to lead."

In this indulgent strain, they proceeded in concert. When one seemed to be exhausted, the other relieved.

My mother finished her second attack, by inquiring if "I did not think myself a pretty chap?"

Mr. Mason brought his next speech to a conclusion, by asking "what I thought would become of me?"

My mother repeated this with a little variation, demanding "what did I think would become of me, even *here?*"

And my father-in-law, greatly improving on it, next wished to be informed "what I thought would befal me hereafter?"

Without making any pause to learn what were my ideas on these points, my mother hastened to communicate her fears, not indeed as a speculation or conjecture, but as a simple matter of

fact, that " my doings would conduct me to the gates of hell."

Mr. Mason thought perhaps this was going rather too far, for he with great moderation limited his expectations to seeing me at the *Debtor's door*, in front of Newgate.

So my affairs were pretty well wound up between them ; my father-in-law gave me to the gallows, and my mother sent me to the devil.

I considered their conduct rather ungenteel, but it was long before I was permitted to explain. It was in vain that I displayed my new apparel, and offered to refer them to Mr. Hill. They remained firm to their original opinion. My mother having got through her set of reproaches, came round to the pathetic again, and tearfully reminded me of the maternal anguish, which she had experienced during the whole of the preceding night.

Mr. Mason bore testimony to the truth of this, by sneeringly remarking, that " she might have saved her tears, to lay the dust in the summer, for as he had told her at the time, there

was no cause for fear on my account, as 'naught was never in danger.'"

They kept this up for another half hour. From their conduct it appeared that they were united in their resolve, not to hear anything that I could urge; and then they made it a grand reproach to me, that I had not "a word to say for myself."

And my father-in-law, becoming even more grave than before, declared that one evil greater than all they had yet predicted, would ensue from the course I had taken.

After the solemn warnings which I had previously received, as above specified, it will easily be guessed that I was not a little alarmed at this announcement.

Mr. Mason proceeded to say, when this affair got wind, as he had no doubt it would, it was not to be expected, that Mr. Alderton would think of having anything to do with such a profligate.

This was really awful. I continued to brood on it all through the day, even more than on the tremendous hints which I had received,

about the " gates of hell," and " the Debtors' door."

The pain caused by the injuries I had sustained in the combat, were nothing in comparison with the gnawing anxiety which I felt on this subject. Matters were not very much mended the next morning, when on looking into a newspaper, I found the following report, under the name of the office, to which I had been taken:—

" DEFEAT OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

" Yesterday morning, after some cases of no interest had been disposed of, a young hero was placed at the bar. He had evidently seen some service; and though he had received no wound which would entitle him to a pension, a general idea prevailed, that interest would be made to get him into the *college*. His *phiz*, though it still exhibited some traces of the ' human face divine,' had received such discipline from the *fives* of the noble person he had attacked, that his exhibition might fairly be called that of ' the Knight of the rueful countenance.' His *bow-*

sprit had almost been knocked out of its place, and was shivered on one side, so as to present a serious obstacle to the consumption of snuff in that quarter. His eyes looked like a brace of coddled gooseberries, and, as a wag in the office remarked, were evidently looking for each other; while his forehead exhibited a bump, equal in magnitude to a middling sized skittle-bowl, which would have puzzled Drs. Gall or Spurzheim, to determine the mental peculiarity it indicated, though we could imagine it might be called the organ of *castigationality*.

"The costume of this *striking* subject, was not less worthy of notice than his *mug*. His coat and trowsers fitted him, if anything, tighter than his skin did, and if we may venture a surmise, from the state of maturity at which they had arrived, they had been attached to his person nearly as long, that is, if they ever came new into his possession. If, however, the spectators were disposed to think *little* of his outside, or *bark*, his waistcoat, (I had worn one which was formerly Mr. Mason's, but had been

altered for me), made up for their deficiencies, and

"Like a lady's loose gown hung about him."

We cannot suspect this garment of being a native of the same district, which gave birth to the two former articles. With them, peradventure, he had been decorated in Monmouth-street, while his waistcoat was procured from a more celebrated mart for finery, (well known to the *wise men*—and women too—*of the East*), hight 'rag fair.' It may be remarked, *en passant*, that, by some rude convulsion, of nature we presume, the gentleman's external habiliment had been literally torn to ribbons near the collar, which must have floated on the wind, *sub deo*, like the flashy shoulderknots of a fashionable footman, or the braiding of a general's uniform; but 'take him all in all,' he would have been worth his weight in gold, to the manager of one of the theatres, as a model for dressing *Tag*, in 'The Spoiled Child,' or the renowned *Sylvester Daggerwood*, in the farcical sketch from the pen of the present guardian of dramatic morality, old 'George Colman the younger.'

"The hopeful *plant* above described was asked his name, and if his face, figure, and drapery had not previously inspired awe; the magnificence of his appellations, would unquestionably have done the business. Aware of this, he paused for some moments after the question had been put to him, before he made his response. At length, on the interrogatory being repeated, he resolved to confound his accusers at once, by making known, that he was no less a personage than—George Julius Cæsar Godfrey.

"When the magistrate, and the auditors generally, had recovered from the surprise they experienced, at having their ears invaded at the same moment, by the cognomen of the first conqueror of Britain, and that of the present incumbent of its throne, a noble Lord, who was the complainant on this occasion, proceeded to state the facts of the case.

"It then transpired that the prisoner Godfrey—we beg his pardon, George Julius Cæsar Godfrey, we mean—was on the preceding evening, disporting with certain females, who in one respect were exactly what Cæsar's wife ought to

be, inasmuch as their characters were 'past all suspicion;'—whether above or below it, we shall not say, as that is neither here nor there. But Julius Cæsar, whatever his triumphs elsewhere, did not seem in this case likely to make a *conquest*. The ladies absolutely fled from his love, but he, being not exactly 'hot with the Tuscan grape,' but warm from some alehouse parlour, where it had probably been his to enjoy

"The feast of *sausage*, and the flow of *max*,"

would not be said 'nay.' The retreat of the fair frail ones, he evidently considered but as a sample of that

"Sweet reluctant amorous delay,"

by which Milton describes Eve to have inflamed our original Sire; and so Julius Cæsar commenced a vigorous pursuit, intending no doubt to console the objects of it with a *kvarten of bloo rooin*, three outs, as a sample of *Godfrey's cordial*.

"He overtook the lady, and made his
"bold attack,
But Chloe drove him fiercely back."

In fact, she fairly *floored* him. Julius Cæsar's

blood rose, as his carcase fell, and speedily rearing himself on his hind legs, just as the noble complainant was passing, sent his paw into his Lordship's face. It happens that the game, to which George Julius Cæsar Godfrey, thus betook himself, is one at which two can play, and this, if it did not occur to him before, he was soon taught, by the noble person whom he had audaciously ventured to assail. In fine, his Lordship inflicted a little proper chastisement on the spot, though, as a disturber of the public peace, he thought it proper to have Julius Cæsar taken into custody.

" While this statement was being made, the defendant, seemed intent upon proving what a remarkably peaceable subject he was, by interrupting the complainant in almost every sentence, and in the coarsest manner imaginable. The worthy magistrate, found it necessary to interfere more than once, with ' *Cæsar's commentaries.*'

" When called upon to answer the charge, Julius began a fine story, about his having ' been to the *vest hend* of the town, *vhen* he met

vith some ladies *vhich haccosted* him *(a laugh)*, and haxed him *(a laugh)*, that is, vone of 'em did, if so be as how he had seen by hany haccident the hother.' *(A laugh.)*

" This fine story, which we have no doubt, would have been amazingly interesting to the end, was rather abruptly terminated, by Sir Benjamin Bray, whose public duties would not admit of pause for any length of time, even to gratify the present generation, and edify posterity, by a flow of eloquence, like that of George Julius Cæsar Godfrey, and the worthy magistrate, accordingly, desired him to confine himself to the matter of charge.

" But Julius Cæsar would not easily give up the point, and accordingly he began a new rigmarole story, and on being again recommended to abstain from going into irrelevant matter, he became outrageously insolent, and instead of answering the questions which the magistrate, from a sense of public duty put, he had the effrontery to repeat, with an air of disdain, the words of Sir Benjamin. His dignity, forsooth, was marvellously wounded when he was asked

to give some account of himself. To suppose that it was possible for Julius Cæsar to be a thief, was an outrage not to be borne, though more than one of the spectators did not scruple to hint, that he looked 'more like a thief than a horse.'

"For some time, he magnanimously refused, at least omitted, to give a satisfactory answer, but eventually, having perhaps 'the fear of the *tread-mill* before his eyes,' he had the courage to venture on a negative.

"Altogether, he gave but a lame account of himself. The noble Lord benevolently declined to prosecute, but the worthy magistrate very properly called on the prisoner for bail.

"This posed Julius Cæsar, and when the names of those who were to answer for him were required, the return to this call was, to use a Parliamentary phrase, neither more nor less, than '*nil.*'

"Whereupon Julius Cæsar, was ordered into 'durance vile.' He did not forget his manners, however, for the moment this decision was pronounced, having heard that 'a calf's head is

best hot,' he put his *caster* on his *sconce*, in the presence of Sir Benjamin.

"' This contemptuous conduct on his part, astonished all present. Sir Benjamin directed the officer to remove it, which was done, evidently to the infinite displeasure of Julius Cæsar, either for the reason before surmised, or from a conviction that one of his great name, ought not to submit to the humiliation, of standing uncovered before such humble individuals, as a Magistrate and Baronet, and a Peer of the realm.

"' The hero retired in the custody of an officer, but was afterwards bailed."

If I felt alarmed before, it will easily be conceived that the perusal of this facetious performance overwhelmed me with dismay. The affair was now made public, and I exhibited to the scorn of the town, as a low, saucy, ignorant ruffian. Conscious of this, for some days I was afraid to venture from home by daylight, and ashamed to shew my face by any light. This, I mention as an instance of great modesty and

self-denial on my part, as my countenance presented a very fine variety of colours, in which black, red, blue and green, might have challenged the warmest admiration.

CHAPTER VI.

I attend a Sale, hear some very witty things, and see some vastly fine company, with whom I afterwards dine—An unfortunate Joker—Mr. Alderton proves himself a man of wit, and perceives me to be a youth of great discernment.

I, AT length, ventured to call on my friend Skim, and inquired if Mr. Alderton's attention had been drawn to my late exploit. He laughed at the memorials of the fight, which I carried about my person, and told me I deserved the beautifying I had got, for not having better qualified myself to take part in a *mill*.

For the rest, he desired me to give myself no uneasiness; Mr. Alderton would not think the worse of me for having, in any way, brought upon myself the resentment of Lord Moffatville, as that noble personage, had been, for some time, *out* of his books, through his determination to continue *in* them, (this was

Mr. Skim's wit, and very good I thought it,) by refusing to pay for certain articles, which had been sent to his house, and left there, without the money being first obtained.

His speech was consolation for me; and as my countenance began to lose those distinctions which it has received from the hands of my lord, I became first tranquil, then cheerful, and, eventually, exultingly joyful, when I considered how unexpectedly genteel, my appearance had been rendered by that affair, which, in the first instance, had appeared to be a catastrophe.

Mr. Skim advised me to attend a sale, which was to take place on the Saturday before I was to become a member of Mr. Alderton's establishment. He assured me my bruises would not be noticed, and was decidedly of opinion, that, to look on, would be of no small service to me.

I accordingly went, and was not a little surprised, at the numerous and splendid company, by whom Mr. Alderton was surrounded. The scene was new to me, and I found it most agreeably animated. The ready wit of my

employer elect, I very much admired. As he ascended the pulpit, a pile of catalogues which had been established there, was overthrown, as if by accident. "The first lot's *knocked down*, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer.

"You first got it very *high*," cried a person near me.

"But it went off at a *low mark*," returned the knight of the hammer.

Then the whole company, with some ten exceptions, laughed, not more than six of them, knowing that the scene had been planned, and rehearsed.

A carpet was shortly after exhibited.

"There's a spot on it," remarked one of the company.

"We charge you nothing for that," said Mr. Alderton.

Here another laugh came in, and, before that had completely subsided, the auctioneer improved on his former vivacity, by adding—

"I hope you will not think *little* of the lot, because it is not spot-*less*."

This produced more mirth.

"But here's a hole," roared out one of the assembly, poking his stick through an opening which he had discovered.

"Well," retorted the principal actor, "if there is a hole already, you need not make it larger, for that will be making *a hole in your manners.*"

Another, and still louder peal of laughter, followed this sally. The mirth, I observed, was done by the same parties, on each occasion—leader of the band, Mr. Skim.

The business proceeded with great spirit, and I was perfectly astonished, at the immense bargains which were sold. It appeared that I was not the only one thus affected;—a dandy of the first water, was close to me, who frequently held up his hands, as I really believed to indicate his sincere amazement, and not to show the diamond rings, which adorned his fingers.

An elderly gentleman, who wore powder, and looked, I thought, like a clergyman, was struck in the same way; and, more than once, the mutual surprise of these very respectable

persons, burst forth in expressions like these—each, however, carefully subduing his voice, so that Mr. Alderton might not be apprized of their sentiments, as to the sacrifices he was making.

"Wonderful!" the dandy began.

"Dirt cheap!" proceeded the clergyman.

"It is absolutely giving away!" said the former.

"It *is*, almost," added the man of the church; "I never saw anything like it in my life!"

"Nor I, never," the beau went on; and then his curiosity being evidently wound up to the highest pitch, he eagerly inquired—

"How does it happen? What can be the cause of all this?"

"The general scarcity of cash," was the reply; "nobody, at present, has any money."

And then, after a while, they changed parts, just as Macheath and Polly do, in

"Over the hills, and far away;"

and went over the course of wonder and admiration again.

They looked at me, too, while they spoke, as appealing to my judgment, for the reasonableness of what they said. I gave it at once in their favour, by repeating some of their phrases. Their manner told, that they considered me to be a most sagacious young man, and their kindness to me, stranger as I was, won my warmest gratitude; for more than once, before expressing themselves aloud, that others might profit by their experience, they gave me a little knock with the elbow, and a look, which distinctly told me, that then was the time, to lay out my money to advantage.

Right sorry was I, that I had none to lay out, for I plainly saw, that, had I been in a condition to bid, I could easily have made such purchases there, as would have returned me a profit of cent. per cent., at least, any where else, on the following day.

When the sale was over, a considerable portion of the company surrounded Mr. Alderton and Skim, as I judged, for the purpose of paying for their lots. One lady directed that what she

had bought, might be sent home early on the following morning. The politeness of Mr. Skim, while addressing her, struck me as admirable; and, with a view to improve my own address, I watched it, in order to copy every movement. He begged, to be allowed, to see her to her carriage. My lady, (for, from his thus accosting her, I found that I was feasting my eyes on a person of rank,) dispensed with his services, affably, but, at the same time, with an air of dignity, such as I had never in my life had an opportunity of witnessing before.

The company now grew thin, and I was about to retire, when Skim whispered in my ear, that there was a dinner set out at Mr. Alderton's house, at which I might as well assist.

I had no great objection to accept such an invitation.

"Now then, since you have put off your *knock out* for an hour or two," said Skim, loud enough to be heard by the whole company, "to have a jolly good *grease* before you go, I will be with you directly."

I did not exactly know what this meant, nor to whom it was addressed, but it was answered by several voices at the same time.

"Very well—very well—be quick."

They then left the room. Skim put away his books, gave a few directions to the porters, which, by the way, he issued in a very lordly tone, most unlike that which he had used while addressing her ladyship, and then prepared for an adjournment to Mr. Alderton's house.

It was but a step that we had to go, and Skim had only time to mention, that he should presently introduce me to several persons with whom I should have a good deal to do, before that day twelvemonth, when we entered a spacious apartment, laid out for dinner, in which I found half the company I had seen at the sale, and, among them, the lady he had offered to hand to her carriage, the dandy with rings on his fingers, and the gentleman in black, whom I had supposed to be a clergyman.

All seemed very merry and uproarious. There were several females present; and the reverend

person I have mentioned, was by no means so reserved and measured in his deportment, as he had appeared in the sale room, half an hour before.

I felt disposed to retreat.

" What do you want to go for," inquired my friend, " before you have had your dinner ?"

" O !" said I, " it will never do for me to stop, since you have these gentlemen and ladies here. I thought it was quite a different sort of thing."

" Well, Mr. Skim, is it almost coming?" inquired the lady, whose dignity I had admired so much.

" Don't be in such a hurry, Sal; I suppose you had some breakfast this morning," was Skim's answer.

I stared at this! He saw my amazement, and guessed the cause of it.

" Zounds !" said he, " you stare like a duck at thunder! Why, you don't think these are anybody, do you ?"

" Hush !" said I, " they hear you !"

" Who the devil cares if they do. What do you know of them ?"

" Why, at the sale; I stood close to that gentleman with the diamond rings on his fingers, and near the clergyman, sitting just behind him."

" The gentleman with diamond rings! the clergyman! What are you talking about! I did not think you knew so little of the town. All that *gentleman's* diamond rings you may buy for half-a-crown; and for the clergyman, as you call him, he is no more a parson, than you are a pope. The fact is, most of these, are brokers, or tag-rags, who attend our sales, to encourage purchasers to bid up: these gentry receive as pay, what we choose to give them. In a common way, we stand a guinea, to be spent among the whole bunch; but, to-day, we are more civil than usual, as Alderton, knowing some of them may be useful at Haversham's, determined to ask the Jezebels and pick pockets, to a dinner, that I might have an opportunity of hinting how they are to act, when we go in the country."

He then made me advance to the supposed clergyman, to whom he introduced me, by saying—

"Barker, here is a young one! He is one of the concern."

The reverend person, as I had conceived him to be, replied to this, by uttering an oath, indicative of extreme surprise, and added—

"He in the concern! Why, then, I and Jack Raffles," and here he pointed to the dandy, "have been making pretty fools of ourselves all day; we made a dead set at him, and I wondered, we could not get him to make a single bid."

Dinner came in, and we were all very jolly. The clergyman, the dandy, and the lady, Mrs. Sal Briggs, as Skim familiarly called her, were remarkably good company. My friend, however, whispered to me, that I must not make too free with them, as I should often find it necessary to keep them at a distance; and he especially cautioned me to be on my guard against lending them money; for, if they succeeded in borrowing, I might consider the

transaction as closed, and not a single farthing of what they might *do* me out of, would any one among them ever return.

I took this advice in very good part, though his alarm for my pecuniary concerns, was certainly premature.

The whole of the company, I will not here describe. Some were bidders, and some were nodders; and the address, with which they had led bargain hunters to give for old or damaged articles, double what the same things would have cost new, and without blemish, was the subject of much of their conversation, and the theme of many a laugh. One of the party was pointed out to me, as a melancholy instance of the vicissitudes of life. This was a hard featured fellow, of low stature, who had, for years, been eminent as a *bidder*, but who now, through a recent accident, could only follow his profession in the less prominent part of a *nodder*. He was of a merry turn; and his jokes, which had been ready on all occasions, were thought by Mr. Alderton to put his auditory into such a good humour, that they drew their purse-

strings much more freely, when he was present, than at any other time. In consequence of this, he was encouraged to attend every sale of any importance, and his talents were so liberally requited by Mr. Alderton, that if he could but have kept himself sober, he might have realized an independence. Unfortunately, his attachment to the bottle, or rather, to the ale tankard, rendered it impossible for him to save, and, worse than that, got him into frequent quarrels, which sometimes disabled him for a week together. In one of these, about a month before the time of my meeting with him, he had, as Mr. Skim expressed himself, got his *dinner set* sent down his throat, that is, his front teeth were demolished: and since that lamentable event, his speech had been so much affected, that now, if he ventured to open his mouth, but for a moment, the laugh was against him, instead of being, as in other times, decidedly with him, and he was, therefore, reduced to the sad necessity of holding his tongue.

Skim gave to some direct instructions, and to others oblique hints, of what was expected

[illegible] the grand sale.
[illegible] soon after dinner, as
[illegible] present, were in the
[illegible] told me was a second
[illegible] disposed of, and which,
[illegible] had been bought by
[illegible] brokers having agreed not to
[illegible] other. The articles thus ob-
[illegible] now to undergo a new valuation,
[illegible] plus which might be found over the
[illegible] obtained for the late proprietor,
[illegible] was to be divided among
[illegible] who were in the constant habit of
[illegible] to depress some articles for their
[illegible] and to make others fetch double
[illegible] worth, for the pleasure of fleecing
[illegible] recommending themselves to the
[illegible] of the auctioneer.
[illegible] with something like indignant sur-
[illegible] these revelations were being made.
[illegible] had recounted the tricks of the
[illegible] with whom we had asso-
[illegible] on his countenance, answered
[illegible] with a look of equal amazement. I

at once saw that he considered the cheating system he had described, as something funny, and very clever, and copied his laugh as well as I could—not a little alarmed, least he should accuse, or suspect me, of feeling disgusted at fraud.

My countenance was tolerably obedient, and my deportment escaped the criticism to which I had rashly exposed myself. Since then, I have been more on my guard, to prevent any unreasonable affection for integrity, being laid at my door.

On the day which had been fixed upon, I repaired to Mr. Alderton's, and met with a very gracious reception. My employer was about forty years of age; he was tall, but his figure, even with the assistance of stays, was awkward, though he never doubted but it was elegance itself. His face being of an earlier date than vaccination, might fairly be called old fashioned, as it was abundantly scarred by the small pox. The bridge of his nose was somewhat deficient, being a perfect concave; but any want of material there, was fully compen-

sated, by a knot, or lump, which graced the end of it. His eyes, for their size and colour, would have been admired in the head of a cat. At all times, his look struck me as being severe, but his smile was ghastly.

He spoke to me with much good humour, and explained to me, in a rather lengthened address, the various duties which would devolve upon me as his clerk. I must, however, be partly acquainted with them, he remarked, as he had seen me at his sale on Saturday, and he hoped I had noticed and remembered, what I then witnessed.

To prove that I was neither wanting in attention, nor memory, I mentioned various circumstances which had fallen under my observation, not forgetting the witty things which he had uttered, and which I have already recorded. When I repeated his jokes, he laughed at them as heartily as I had done before, and then he repeated some equally good, which had fallen from him on other occasions, at which I saw he expected that I should laugh, which I accordingly did. Mr. Alderton took this as a

strong proof of my being a youth of good capacity; and I plainly saw, that if I attached any importance to my situation, and dared to look grave when he wished to make me merry, I should soon have occasion to look very serious indeed.

CHAPTER VII.

I rapidly improve—Am lectured for my dissipated habits by my Mother, and still more severely by Mr. Mason, whose eloquence experiences a very unfortunate interruption—My Mother advises me not to marry, and in consequence I begin to think of matrimony.

I FLATTERED myself, that my appearance had been for some time past very genteel, but I soon got a hint that it was necessary for me to be more fashionably attired. This rather alarmed me, for I had never hoped to imitate Skim in dress, who seemed to my eyes, stylish beyond everybody else. But my uneasiness was dissipated by the lessons which he gave me, and I was speedily taught the art of cutting a figure at a small expense. My linen, he put on a most respectable footing, for being supplied, under his directions, with half a dozen collars made of fine linen, I put on a clean one every second day;

and the wide spread black silk, or cambric cravat round my neck, was arranged, so as to display to great advantage a sham diamond pin, and to conceal the texture of the shirt beneath, which, to say the truth, was sometimes as coarse as a hop-sack.

My preceptor, Skim, lost no time in telling me, that it was absolutely necessary, to give myself very consequential airs, and to treat real purchasers at sales, with most contemptuous indifference, persons of title or notoriety excepted.

"But," said I, "I do not see what good purpose that can answer. The parties so treated, will feel themselves affronted."

"Never mind their feelings," said he, "you must keep up your own consequence. If they ask you to let them clear off a favourite lot on the same day, pull up your shirt collar, and say it is quite impossible; if they inquire what a particular lot went for, tell them your book is closed, and cannot be reopened; and if they wish you to let them see anything, which they have purchased but for a moment, tell them you have something else to do."

"Really," I replied, "I think this conduct must do harm to the party adopting it."

"Quite the contrary. Nothing is to be done but by effrontery. Be civil, and you will never get on; but by taking the course I recommend, you will soon find your circumstances improve, and nobody will venture to ask you to move a finger, without making you a compliment of half-a-crown, or five shillings for your pains."

I thanked him for his instructions, which I so well attended to, that in a very few weeks I made surprising progress. The sheepish look, by which I had once been distinguished, was no more. It gave place to a brazen-faced assurance, which astonished even Skim. Instead of speaking with hesitation, and in a low tone, I now boldly ventured my opinion on all subjects, and intruded my remarks without ceremony or hesitation, wherever conversation was going on.

The change thus effected, was noticed by every one, and most people declared that the improvement which they observed in me, was really wonderful.

Mr. Hill had pressed me to call on him some-

times. Of this kind invitation, which was often repeated, I frequently availed myself. Once or twice I saw the young ladies. The reception I experienced from them was most cordial. Two such beautiful girls I thought I had never seen, and the voice of Adela, who was the cause of my introduction there, was not less bewitching than her countenance, and I persuaded myself that this would have struck me, even if she had not employed herself in celebrating the important service, which, she was pleased to say, I had rendered her.

I have already remarked, that an individual finds praise of himself very interesting, but when youth and female loveliness pronounce the eulogium, the effect is overpowering. Vivid, most vivid, is the recollection of the transports which I experienced on this occasion, but I cannot commit them to paper.

It was no small disappointment to me, to call repeatedly without seeing the ladies, and I was really affected a good deal, when I heard that Adela was seriously ill.

Several times when I waited on Mr. Hill to

make inquiries after Adela, I found an old gentleman there, whose manner attracted my notice, but it was not from any peculiarity of countenance, for of his face I could see but little, through the way in which he was muffled up, and the large black-rimmed spectacles which concealed his eyes, quite as much as they assisted them.

He bowed when I entered, but he spoke not. I rather suspected him to be a foreign physician. I thought that at each time of meeting, he subjected me to a most curious scrutiny. This I inwardly admitted might be only fancy, or the consequence of the particular way in which he wore his spectacles; but once I saw him looking over the black rims, as if he could see better with his own eyes, than through his glasses.

What motive he might have for thus observing my movements I could not guess. I had no reason in the world to think, that he could bear me any ill will, but I took it into my head, that he meant me no good.

And I was very soon convinced that this impression, however rashly taken up, was not un-

just, and that he had given information of my proceedings to my father-in-law; for one day calling home, my mother and Mr. Mason, combined their forces to make an attack on my morals. Each demanded, what did I mean by running after females, who were no better than they should be; and what more than all the rest, satisfied me, that the party I suspected was the informer, was the repeated assurances which my mother gave me, that she was well aware of my doings, and sly as I had been, she was acquainted with the visits I had paid in a certain quarter.

Mr. Mason prepared to commence a regular moral lecture. He opened by remarking, that for his part, he did not admire the delicacy which my mother always observed, when speaking of my actions, (in no other case he acknowledged). For himself, he deplored from his soul, the depravity which he witnessed, and though he hoped, and had prayed, that I might one day be born again, yet he could not help—

Something exceedingly sublime, and vastly edifying, would have followed, I am sure, but

here, unfortunately, he was interrupted. Two persons, who evidently came about parish affairs, as they had one of the beadles with them, entered the parlour rather abruptly, and desired to speak with Mr. Mason alone.

My father-in-law did not take the application in very good part. It certainly was not a little mortifying to have a solemn address, and one too, which had begun so remarkably well, thus unexpectedly broken in upon. He felt this strongly, and could not help peevishly answering the intruders, that if they had anything to say to him, they might say it there.

The parish gentlemen, briefly excused themselves, for the request they had made, which they said was dictated by a wish to spare his feelings. They then, unfolded the business which had brought them there, and which was neither more nor less than this. Jenny, the servant on whose account I had been, on one occasion, so unceremoniously expelled, by Mr. Mason, from the kitchen, and who had since left my father-in-law's service, had found herself in that way, in which, according to the

poet, all women wish to be who "love their lords," and as poor Jenny had no lord to love, her thoughts had gone back to her late master, and the gentlemen who now waited on my father-in-law, had presented themselves for the purpose of signifying to him, that as the overseers and churchwardens were advised, that the expected new parishioner was related to him, they were desirous of having a suitable provision made, at his expense, for its reception.

This intelligence was imparted to Mr. Mason with much graceful and interesting circumlocution. He either did not comprehend their meaning, or confounded at hearing such news, sought to gain time by affecting to misunderstand them. They soon became more lucid, and at length came, with great delicacy, pretty close to the point; but my mother considering plain language best suited to the occasion, gave Mr. Mason's capacity all the assistance it wanted, by thundering out, in a voice which must have been distinctly audible on the opposite side of the street,

" A bastard! she has sworn a bastard to you, you wretch! you vile wretch!"

This was the fact.

My mother proceeded. " Such is the reward of my attachment, through so many years. I'll tear your eyes out."

Here she made a spring towards Mr. Mason, but he was spared the meditated injury, by the speed with which he jumped backward, and by the good offices of his parish friends. They interposed between him and my mother, whom they attempted to pacify with the regular stock phrases, " Things of this kind will happen"—" We are all mortals"—" No man is always on his guard"—" Flesh and blood will sometimes err," &c.

But my mother attended not to their speeches. She preferred going on with her own. These, though there was not a little repetition in them, were certainly very expressive. They consisted of censures on Mr. Mason's baseness, and praises of her own virtue. On the latter point her tones were so touching, that but for the interruption of the visitors, I think they

would have been absolutely musical. These were almost so, as it was, for at intervals the words came on my ear like the burthen of the *Lobski* song, in " The Exile"—

" A faithful wife!
" A faithful wife!
" Have not I been a faithful wife!"

And having made this display of energy, the next thing was, to do the sensibility, so my mother proceeded to hysterics, in which, as in her younger days, she continued to excel, and next fainted, to repeat the words of one of the overseers, " as dead as a red herring."

This increased the bustle and confusion, which had previously been very considerable. Water was called for, and I rushing into the shop, returned, with a large pan full, which I took from the counter. Holding it with both hands, I carried it to within a few inches of my mother's face, and expected those who had called for it would apply it, but as they omitted to do so, my filial love prompted me to assist my parent by slopping a little over her. My first attempt did not succeed, nor my second,

but my third did with a vengeance; for being resolved to make greater exertion than before, I put out my strength, and just then, Mr. Mason touching the bottom of the vessel, it was instantly emptied over the patient. I will not say he did it purposely, but my mother always averred that such was the fact. I do not know how she obtained her information.

The effect of this application, was everything that could be wished. My mother sprang on her feet in a twinkling, and resumed the offensive; at the same time vowing, that she was half drowned, and complimenting me with a smack in the face, which was the cause of my rather abruptly dropping the pan on Mr. Mason's toes, and in return, as his feet were well studded with corns and bunions of exquisite sensibility, he commenced a *pas seul*, which he executed with great vivacity, while his eyes conveyed both to me and my mother, warmer acknowledgments than he deemed it wise, at that moment, to trust to his tongue.

As a dutiful son, I of course felt for my parent's situation. The bath with which she had

been treated, was really a very complete thing of the kind, so much so, that a dive in the Thames, from the centre of Waterloo bridge, would hardly have improved upon it. In the midst of my sorrow, I involuntarily recalled the ancient mode of punishing excessive volubility in a wife. When I say this, I hope no one will be so uncharitable as to suppose, that I, for a single moment likened my mother to a scold, fresh from the ducking-stool.

After bestowing a few more "villains," "good for nothing creatures," and "vile wretches," on Mr. Mason, she retired.

The tidings which he had just received, annoyed my father-in-law not a little. His vexation at finding that a child was about to be born to him, equalled the grief which he had felt a short time before, at the little prospect there was of my being born again.

So of course his affliction was very great indeed.

I shall not go into the particulars of the negociations, which were then opened between Mr. Mason and the parish officers. They ended in

the usual way, by solemn protestations on the part of the accused, that he had never entitled himself to the distinction conferred on him, and in his submitting to a weekly fine.

Mr. Mason laboured hard to convince every person from whom he could not conceal these proceedings, that he was a cruelly aggrieved individual. But all he could say, would not convince my mother. She was inflexibly sceptical. So was I. I remembered the energy, which had been called forth on the part of Mr. Mason, when he surprised me romping with Jenny, and I fancied I had now discovered the cause of that rage, which at the time had seemed, (so it struck me, but perhaps I was not an impartial judge,) as being excessive.

The arrival of the parish officers, having made a diversion in my favour, for some days I heard no more of the dissolute courses, to which it was presumed that I had abandoned myself. My mother, however, in about a fortnight, returned to the charge, and embellished her lecture by referring to the shame and degradation, which had fallen on Mr. Mason.

But her favourite point of all, was the old one, on the shocking impropriety of marrying without the approbation of friends.

Her arguments against it, made me begin to think it would not be so excessively ridiculous to marry, as I, till thus schooled, if I had once or twice given the subject a thought, considered it, and when my mother finished her argument, as she always did, by scornfully asking the question, what could I do with a wife? I replied, almost loud enough for her to hear me—

"Why, the same as another, I suppose."

This seemed to me a very rational and satisfactory answer, and my thoughts really began to turn towards matrimony, notwithstanding my mother's grave assurance, that I had no more occasion for a wife, than "a toad had for a side pocket."

I have given here in substance what passed on several occasions, with intervals of a week or ten days between. In the mean time my inquiries were continued respecting Adela, as was my indignation against the old gentleman, who, as I believed, reported me at home.

Meanwhile I got on very well with Mr. Alderton. I never forgot that it was my political sentiments, which originally won me his patronage, and I therefore inwardly resolved to keep up my stock of loyalty. That I flattered myself made a great impression on my employer; and I had also prudence enough to praise his eloquence, of which I presently found he was not a little vain.

To him, it really appeared a disgrace to the age, that, as yet, it had occurred to no bookseller, to publish a collection of auctioneer's speeches.

"I am absolutely disgusted," said he, one day, "at the stupidity and ignorance, which so ridiculously undervalue talent peculiarly circumstanced. Stick a fellow in parliament, or in a conventicle pulpit, or put a lawyer's wig on his head, and babble as he may, we presently find his speeches on record, and described as eloquence of the senate, the bar, or the pulpit."

I said, "this was true," and added, "that, in my mind, it was very ridiculous."

" To be sure," said he, " it must appear so, to a sensible young fellow, like you. And then they tell us of the ancients, and the fine speeches they made. I do not mean to deny that Cicero, and Demosthenes, and the others they talk so much about, had merit—they certainly had some merit."

It was very liberal of Mr. Alderton to concede this.

I remarked, " unquestionably they had."

This was handsome on my part, as I hardly knew more of the matter than he did. I, indeed, remembered, that the *Oratio in Verrem*, had once been put into my hands, at school, but what I most distinctly recollected it for was, the punishment I received, in consequence of my not being able to construe three sentences of it correctly.

" But what," continued Mr. Alderton, with increasing animation,"—" what were the occasions on which they had to speak? They were not forced to take to all sorts of topics, like an auctioneer of modern times;—now, to sell a horse, as a high mettled racer—and now to

extol the worth of a horse for drying clothes—now to—

He paused—and I could not help going on with the sentence.

"Now, to cry up the curls of a wig—and now, to celebrate the lustre of a warming-pan."

I bit my tongue as I finished, conscious that I was going on tender ground, and fearful that he would see, what really was the case, that I was inwardly convulsed with laughter, at the pompous claims he had advanced.

"As to that," he said, "I don't know about that; now you go rather too far, and get almost to the ridiculous."

I said, "I had only meant to point out the infinite variety of topics, on which he was compelled to speak, without time for adequate preparation."

"That," said he, "you may truly urge. For my part, I think it is only when a man is placed in such a situation, that his genius is brought to the test. Had one of our common catalogues of household furniture been placed in

Cicero's hands, I warrant it would have puzzled his pate rarely."

He said more to the same effect. The impression it produced on me, was great; for it made me feel ten times more than I had previously done, that my employer was so perfectly satisfied with himself, that unless I administered copious supplies of flattery, from day to day, he would never be satisfied with me.

CHAPTER VIII.

I am introduced to one of my father's old friends, who offers to make my fortune—He forcibly appeals to my judgment —Specimens of my conscientiousness, and amiable sensibility.

THE grand sale, had been repeatedly postponed, but it was now positively to take place. Advertisements were multiplied, every preparation was made, and places were taken for me and Skim, outside the stage for the ensuing Saturday.

I was correcting the proof of the catalogue, one morning, in Mr. Alderton's presence, when a person entered, whose manner struck me as singular, and who, in a most winning tone, accosted my employer with—

"How do you do, Sir—I hope you are very well, and all your family, Sir—I hope none of them are ill at all."

And while speaking, he advanced, smirking and bowing, at every step. The contrast between his over-strained civility, and the coarse hangman-like severity of his features, was most remarkable. Mr. Alderton bestowed one of his keenest scowls on his visitor, which, by this time, I had pretty well learned to read, and which meant something very like, "what the devil is this fellow aiming at?" He, however, instantly put his rat's eyes in order, threw something like satisfaction into them, and replied.

"How do you do, Mr. Chiswell?—I am very glad to see you—I hope you are quite well—I am sorry to hear you have had a great loss."

"A shocking loss, indeed, Sir! You've heard of it very soon. But, perhaps, you've been in the city yourself, this morning."

"No, I have not—Why, what has happened there, then!"

"Why, the loss that you told me about!—the Lapland scrip, which was a week ago at

six premium, has now gone down to ten discount."

"Has it, indeed! but I did not mean that —I was speaking of your family loss—I was told that your eldest son died a fortnight ago."

"And so he did, but I did not know that you had heard of that. Ah! Mr. Alderton, that was a heart-breaking affair—I shall never get over it."

Here the affectionate father held a pocket handkerchief to receive the tears, which he thought of shedding. I did not see any of them, owing, I suppose, to the position of his bandana, but that some were at hand, whatever others might insinuate to the contrary, I can positively assert, as I had perceived them distinctly, a moment before, when he was speaking of the fall of Lapland scrip.

"We must bear these things with fortitude," said Mr. Alderton; "we are all mortal."

This observation, Mr. Chiswell admitted to be perfectly correct.

"It's very true," he remarked; "but yet, these dispensations of providence are terrible;—

why, Sir, if I had not been overpowered by grief, for my son, so that I did not know what I was doing, I should never have been such an ass, as to meddle or make with this cursed scrip."

"Indeed! That makes your domestic calamity the more afflicting."

The last speech was uttered by Mr. Alderton, in a tone, which manifested some impatience to put an end to the conversation. Mr. Chiswell evidently thought so for he now prepared for business.

"If you're at leisure for a few minutes, I should like a little conversation with you on business—can I speak to you alone?"

I took up my catalogue, and prepared to retire.

"By the bye," exclaimed Mr. Alderton, "this young man is the son of an old friend of yours. You knew Godfrey—this is his son, who was an infant when Godfrey died.

Mr. Chiswell turned to me, and honoured me with a bow, nearly as good as that with which he had previously favoured Mr. Alderton, while he most graciously accosted me as follows :—

" How do you do, young gentleman—I'm very glad to see you—How's your mother, and your father-in-law, and all their children—I'm very glad to see you—very glad indeed."

The manner in which he told me he was glad to see me, indicated, that, for that time, he had seen enough of me; and so, after repeating, three or four times—" Very well, I'm much obliged to you, Sir," I left him with Mr. Alderton.

Their interview was soon ended. I was at the door when Mr. Chiswell came out. He knew me again.

" How do you do again, Mr. Godfrey?" he said; " I'm delighted to see you here. I dare say you know pretty well all Mr. Alderton's business, as well as he knows it himself—hey?"

Thus invited, I could not help setting up my own consequence a little; so I replied—

" Why, I believe Mr. Alderton does not engage in any very important matter of business, without my knowing something of it."

The stare of admiration which this extorted, induced me to go a little farther.

"Indeed, I added, it sometimes happens that when property is to be disposed of in a hurry, the parties speak in the first instance to me."

"You don't say so. They're quite right. Can you dine with me to-morrow?"

I now found that I was getting on very fast indeed. I modestly refused, but Mr. Chiswell reminded me that my father and he were old friends, and pressed his suit so earnestly, that I could not stand out.

"I shall be proud to see you," he said, "and as the son of an old friend you must allow me to—

Here he put his hand into his waistcoat pocket. He drew it forth and advanced it a little towards me. Just then Skim made his appearance, and Mr. Chiswell addressing himself to him on a sudden, made the following inquiry—

"Pray, young man, can you give me two and sixpence for half a crown?"

Skim accommodated him with the required change.

Mr. Chiswell put one of the shillings into his

waistcoat pocket, and with as good an imitation of a smile, as features like his could wear, he again advanced his hand towards me, and desired me to take the eighteen-pence, which it still grasped, as a present.

Skim had taught me to receive, and even to look out, for douceurs. But then, they were to be taken in a business-like way, with a slight dignified nod, or knowing wink, to serve as a receipt; while I appeared almost as unconscious that there was such a thing as money in the world, as a polite physician, when his hand opens for a fee, or a learned counsel, who with still more exemplary delicacy, gets his remuneration collected by his clerk, or banker.

The manner, therefore, in which Mr. Chiswell offered his eighteen-pence, wounded my pride, and I accordingly repelled his hand, with a bow, and

"Excuse me, Sir."

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "You're welcome to it. Your father was an old friend of mine, and I wish to be a friend to you."

I still desired to be excused.

But as resistance, on the part of the other sex, inflames passion in ours, so my reluctance to receive, seemed to increase the desire of Mr. Chiswell to give. He however was so considerate as to suppose, that it might be the magnitude of the sum, which caused me to demur, and withdrawing the sixpence, he pressed the remaining shilling on me, with more fierceness than ever, at the same time exclaiming,

" You shall have a shilling at any rate. I insist upon it."

I at last submitted. Perhaps I did not feel all the gratitude, which, kindness like his, ought to inspire, but I politely thanked him. He then walked off, evidently exulting in having at last effected his object, his face beaming with that satisfaction, which grows on the consciousness of having performed a dignified munificent action.

" A shabby old rascal!" I exclaimed; and I think I should have pronounced rather a lengthened soliloquy, in which I proposed to

debate the question, *to dine or not to dine* with Mr. Chiswell, at the time he had named, if I had not been interrupted.

"An old rascal!" growled Mr. Alderton. At first I suspected that my employer having overheard, had thought proper to repeat my words; but I soon found that he was speaking on his own account.

"That's the greatest rascal in England," he proceeded, "let the next be whom he may."

I made no remark, and he continued.

"Somebody has been filling him up with a fine story. Because I am going to sell at Haversham's old house, he has heard that Haversham himself has occasion to raise money, and that he wants to sell the Priory. This fellow therefore, wishes me to offer for it, and suggests that a few advances made in a liberal and friendly way, may prove the means of so hampering him, that in the end we may make our own terms with him.

"Indeed!" said I, "I wonder he can attend to such matters, so soon after his late loss."

"Pooh!" replied Mr. Alderton, "he can

feel no loss but the loss of gold; but every now and then, recollecting that he ought to act a little sorrow, he takes a very dismal tone, but, in the midst of his pretended grief for his son, if opportunity offered, he would rob his own father."

I waited on Mr. Chiswell at the time which he had named, and was very cordially received. Dinner was soon served up, and though my palate had certainly not been vitiated by high living, I could perceive an abundance of trickery, in the repast set before me. The Cape wine, which I knew could not have cost him more than sixteen shillings the dozen, he bravely proclaimed to be East India Madeira, and to have been the voyage twice to his certain knowledge. His gooseberry wine, he called champaigne; and some tough old mutton, he christened haunch of venison. Having detected these things, I was apprehensive of a further cheat, and refused to touch what he called a partridge, from an idea which strangely took possession of me, that it had more the appearance of a crow.

He talked a good deal of my father, by whom

he said, (but he did not mention it to hurt my sensibility,) he had lost considerably. He had built houses on land, which he understood my father to have had on a long lease, which shortly afterwards fell to the ground landlord. In connection with this subject, he was rather inquisitive as to any papers, connected with a certain mortgage, which my father had left. I could tell nothing more, than that Mr. Mason and my mother had sometimes complained of having lost what they considered they had a right to possess. Then, he inquired if I had seen any of the documents, which were formerly in my father's hands, because if I had, though they were now only worth the price of waste parchment, he, being curious in such matters, would give me something handsome, for any that I might bring to him.

Next, Mr. Chiswell adverted to the very profitable business, in which my employer, Mr. Alderton, was engaged. To this he added, that a young man of my talents, situated as I was, might easily make a fortune.

Here I thought the conversation took a most



interesting turn, and I listened with respectful attention.

"Because," he went on, "in how many cases might it happen, that individuals would see me before they could speak to Mr. Alderton. Well then, if this happened, what was so easy for me, having a monied friend at my back, as I had in him, to offer, occasionally, to raise the cash wanted, without sending the party to negociate with a common auctioneer."

I scarcely understood his meaning.

"In a case like that supposed," he remarked, "I might with all the ease in the world, put a good round sum into my own pocket."

I understood this vastly well. My attention had begun to flag, but I now pricked up my ears, as sharply as ever.

"That," he said, "was mainly the object which he had in view, and having a few thousands at his command, why, he might as well do something with them as not, and he thought he could not employ them better, than in serving the son of an old friend."

I was quite of his opinion.

He added, that what he suggested might be done without difficulty, and Mr. Alderton would be none the wiser.

I answered, that perhaps he would not like it.

This he candidly admitted was likely, for some people were so avaricious, that they were never satisfied. However, he said, with proper caution, Mr. Alderton would know nothing at all of the matter, and had not I a right to do the best I could for myself?

I felt very much disposed to answer this query, plumply in the affirmative, and if I remember right, I did say "certainly." Still I had some idea, that to act on his suggestion would not be quite fair to my employer; but he enlarged so much on the prodigious benefits which would result from taking good advice, and following his counsel, that I was quite at a loss how to reply.

He considered my scruples to have been altogether vanquished; and to own the truth, my virtue did seem rather feeble, before the brilliant pictures which he drew of future affluence.

In the course of our interview, he adverted to the business which had led him to call on Mr. Alderton. Notwithstanding the assurances he had received, he was satisfied that Haversham, as he had stated to my employer, wanted money. To assist such a man in his need, was always politic, because whatever his present embarrassments might be, he was still immensely rich. Therefore, if I knew of any pending transactions of the kind, he had alluded to, or should subsequently obtain a knowledge of them, I had only to give him a hint, that Mr. Haversham might not be left wholly at the mercy of Mr. Alderton.

This I thought indicated great kindness, on the part of my entertainer, for Mr. Haversham.

But he added, and with every appearance of sincerity, that if once the latter came fairly into the hands of two men of talent, such as he and I were—

I had no doubt that something very sensible was coming, from the manner in which Mr. Chiswell spoke.

In that case, he proceeded, we might do ex-

actly what we thought proper with him, and if he felt offended, he would be shy of coming before the public, from a dread of having the whole story of his wife's murder, ripped up again.

His last statement completely dissipated a feeling which had been previously excited in my mind, by what I thought an over anxiety to befriend a murderer. In fact, I began to see, that Mr. Chiswell was quite as willing to destroy him, as to save him from Mr. Alderton, provided he could get anything by it.

I and Mr. Chiswell, parted excellent friends, he insisting that I should speedily let him hear from me, if I could not make it convenient to call. He had set his heart, he said, on making a man of me.

When I got home, I took the whole matter into my most serious consideration.

I reflected that in some instances I might get an individual who came to me in Mr. Alderton's absence, to go to Mr. Chiswell.

That seemed practicable.

Next I resolved that Mr. Chiswell might probably make a very good bargain with the

party, and hold me entitled to participate in the profit.

The profit, I was sure, would to me prove very agreeable.

But I ventured to ask myself, whether acting the part assigned to me, would not be a little like defrauding my employer?

To this query, after some consideration, I was obliged to answer in the affirmative.

It then struck me, that as Mr. Chiswell for his own sake would be very cautious, in all probability, Mr. Alderton would never know any thing at all about it.

This consideration, had great weight with me. I had resolved, that it would be in my power to commit a fraud, that I should like exceedingly to pocket the profit, and that the share I had in it would never be found out, and so I was very much disposed to close with my father's old friend.

But then flashed over my mind, with tenfold force, the thought, "if it should be found out!" The penal consequences of robbing an employer, suggested themselves in the not very captivating

shapes of cap, rope and gallows. The distress my mother would feel in such a case, affected me deeply; for though she had not always duly appreciated my merits, the bare idea of her being overwhelmed with agony for my untimely death, brought tears into my eyes.

CHAPTER VIII.

I determine to be honest—I furnish some specimens of elegant writing and interesting conversation—I proceed to the late abode of the supposed murderer—I venture on a grand display of my talents, and get laughed at accordingly—A romantic night expedition, undertaken in order to get a sight of a murderer in his den.

I SHALL not enlarge on my affectionate anxiety to spare the feelings of my mother, and of my relations generally, lest some common-place readers should accuse me, of endeavouring to make myself too amiable.

It is sufficient to state the result, which in few words was this. My honesty triumphed over temptation. Whether this happened from reverence for virtue, or from regard to that important part of my person,—the grand communication between the head and body, I shall not stop to inquire.

The proposition of Mr. Chiswell being then

rejected, by the assembly of my thoughts, or calculations, I considered it necessary to signify the same to that worthy gentleman. I did so in the following letter, which by the bye I was a good deal puzzled how to begin. "Sir" I thought would look resentful; "Dear Sir" would be hypocritical; "Honoured Sir" was open to the same objection. I tried to persuade myself that "Respected Sir" might do; as though I could not respect him, some respect in consideration of his money, might possibly be paid to him by others; but finally I hit upon the word "kind," as I thought this might be said of the notice he had taken of me, in the way of sarcasm, as he had so liberally proposed to make my fortune, at the expense of my integrity. I accordingly wrote thus:—

"KIND SIR,

"I have seriously and mentally revolved in my mind," (my style had even then become very elegant) "all the suggestions, which, when I had the honour of dining with you, you were so good as to favour me with, respecting certain transactions, in which you were so polite as to

think my talents could be usefully employed to our mutual advantage.

" Without difficulty, I could mention your name to any person urgent for money, who might make known his wants to me in the absence of Mr. Alderton; I could bring the party to you, and if the business were worth doing, we could go through with it, and divide the profit in such proportions as you should think proper, between us.

" This I could do, without naming the subject to Mr. Alderton, who in all probability would never know anything about it.

" But, kind Sir, on reflection I think it will strike you, as it does me, that Mr. Alderton, should it ever come to his knowledge, will be much offended with me, for taking business out of his hands, while he is my employer, instead of using my best exertions to promote his interest.

" And therefore, kind Sir, thanking you for all your kindness, and especially for the high opinion you have formed of my abilities, I beg respectfully to decline engaging in affairs, which

if I rightly comprehend their nature, are not such as an individual in my situation ought to meddle with.

"I have the honour to be, kind Sir,

"Your obliged humble servant,

"GEORGE GODFREY."

This letter, in which it will be seen, I dropped my grand names Julius Cæsar, I wrote five times over, before I brought it to the state of perfection in which it appears above, and then sent it to Mr. Chiswell, by an errand boy. He must have thought the reasoning admirable, for he never attempted to answer it, not even verbally, which I was quite willing to give him an opportunity of doing, by again dining with him, if he had sent me a second invitation. It did not occur to him to do so.

Before setting out on my journey, I called to take leave of Mr. Hill, as he had requested I would. Adela's health had improved, and I thought it rather likely, that on so momentous an occasion as the present, I might be permitted to see her. I was told Mr. Hill was then engaged, but the servant desired me to walk into

the drawing-room. There I remained for about ten minutes, when the door suddenly opened, my secret wish was realised, and Adela, unconscious that any one was there, made her appearance.

The sweet blush which glowed on her beautiful face, rendered fairer by recent indisposition, the negligent grace of her dress, and the start of surprise—of pleasurable surprise I thought, which she gave at unexpectedly perceiving me, produced a variety of sensations, which it would take some time to enumerate. Satisfaction and vexation were those which predominated; satisfaction at seeing her so far recovered, and vexation at not knowing how to accost her.

She relieved me, by saying, "she was glad to see me, and hoped I had enjoyed my health."

I thanked her kindly, and told her that I had never been better, excepting indeed——and I was going to tell her the exceptions, such as a severe cold, which had caused my eyes to be watery, and affected my nose in like manner, and a sore hand, in consequence of a scratch, which I had received from incautiously playing with a

monkey, which Mr. Alderton had had, on sale or return from Mr. Jacko's menagerie.

I say, I was going on with this description, as I had known things of that kind, to pass for very clever conversation in some companies, when it came across my mind, that it would be rather ridiculous to answer a civil inquiry, by detailing the casualties to which I had been exposed since our last interview.

I stopped short in my speech. She looked at me with surprise. I remained dumb for some moments, but at length, to break from the awkward situation in which I found myself, I boldly expressed a hope " that she had been well."

Adela smiled, and this reminded me, that she had been dangerously ill. More confused than ever, I begged pardon, and said " I had quite forgotten;" but considering that she must regard me as a very unfeeling clown, so easily to lose the recollection of her illness, I told her " I did not mean that I had forgotten, but—but—that it had escaped my memory," and then the reflection that I had repeated my original blunder, brought me again to a grand pause.

Sensible that I was not cutting a remarkably splendid figure in this interview, I wished myself already on my journey. The young lady, did not comprehend the cause of my speech being thus interrupted; I tried to appear more at my ease, in order to give her some idea of my knowledge, and accomplishments, and, at last, was so fortunate as to recollect that fine subject for a bashful stammerer, the weather, which I accordingly attacked in the following manner.

"A fine day, Miss."

"A little cloudy, Sir."

I almost thought this was a cut at me.

"Yes—yes," I replied, "it is a little cloudy, and I think it will turn to rain."

"Are you a judge of the weather?"

"A little so," I said; and having succeeded so well on this topic, I determined not to drop it in a hurry, and, accordingly told her, "that we had had a good deal of rain in the course of the last fortnight; that several days, which were bright in the morning, became the reverse in the course of the afternoon;—that such sudden

changes were bad for old people, and invalids, and produced rheumatisms, and pains in the limbs." In short, I made myself about as interesting, as half a dozen pages of the last year's Almanack, on the same subject, could have been.

I got on so fluently, that I began to grow rather confident, when an arch smile from the lady again put me out of countenance. The intelligent comment of her eye, gave me more than a glimpse of the insipid part I was acting. I once more was silent; and Adela, who, I suppose, conjectured that I expected her approbation of the entertaining things I had uttered, was so courteous as to say—

"You seem to have studied these matters, Mr. Godfrey."

"A little, Madam—I beg pardon—a little, Miss Adela,—but—but—but—"

As I had, positively, no more to offer, I cannot guess how long I should have continued but-ing, if she had not again assisted me, by this remark;—

"You have, perhaps, thought it necessary

to pay some attention to the weather, as you are going to travel, for I understand you leave town very shortly."

This relieved me wonderfully, and I replied—

"Exactly so—yes, I am immediately to leave London. I wished to see Mr. Hill, before I went;" and then, plucking up great courage, I added, "but I have enjoyed an unhoped for happiness, in having had the good fortune to meet with you, and to find you restored to health."

Adela said—

"You are rather courtly, Mr. Godfrey, in your compliment, but I thank you."

"Indeed," said I, "I have spoken sincerely. Your illness was so alarming, that to know you are in health before I go, will I am sure, give me no small comfort on my journey."

"Other circumstances," she replied, "will, I trust, unite to make it pleasant."

"Your kindness," I said, and I spoke from my heart, "will sufficiently cheer me. Think me not too presuming, when I say, the generous interest you have manifested for one so humble

in circumstances, and so little—so disadvantageously known to you, will be fondly remembered."

Adela drew back, as I spoke. Her manner indicated surprise, and her looks, I thought, reproved me.

"Forgive me, if I am too bold; I meant but to say, your condescension will be gratefully, reverentially, borne in mind."

Here, I again paused. I was surprised at what I had done, but was quite at a loss how to proceed.

While still faltering in confusion, the door of the adjoining apartment opened, and Mr. Hill came forward, followed by the old gentleman, for whom I had conceived so strong a dislike.

"I beg your pardon," said the former, kindly shaking me by the hand, "but, really, I have been excessively rude."

"Not at all," I replied, conceiving him to allude to his having kept me waiting, and meaning to be exceedingly complimentary to

him, I assured him, that I had not been, in the slightest degree, annoyed by his absence.

"You do not know, my young friend, of what offence I have been guilty. By chance, this paper was picked up on the stairs, and put into my hands, by the finder. Seeing no superscription, I read it, and got to the end of it, before I perceived that it was of your writing, and related to matters with which I had no concern."

And while thus speaking, he put into my hands, one of the copies which I had made of the letter sent to Mr. Chiswell; unluckily, too, it was the worst of them all, for it was the first. I blushed to the eyes, as I slipped it into my pocket, for it contained about forty erasures; and, I recollected, with infinite vexation, that, in two or three instances, I had, subsequently to the writing of it, discovered that my orthography was incorrect.

I endeavoured to look unconcerned, and said it was merely a waste sheet, on which I had been trying my pen. While I spoke, the elderly

gentleman unremittingly continued his scrutiny of my person, and deportment, and, as I thought, detected all the motives of the shuffling speeches, which I deemed it expedient to utter. Anxious to be alone, I closed the scene as soon as I could.

As I left the house, I felt not a little ashamed of the booby exhibition which I had made. Giving Mr. Hill, and Adela, all possible credit for the utmost good feeling towards me, I could scarcely persuade myself, that they were not making merry on the subject of my perplexities, on my puerile attempts at conversation, and my most bungling effort at letter writing.

This uncomfortable feeling, continued to hang upon me all that day, and, indeed, I felt a good deal of it on the next. Skim, as we performed our journey, repeatedly inquired what was the matter with me, and declared that he had never seen any one so miserably chop-fallen in his life.

By the time we got to Mr. Haversham's former habitation, through jokes of my fellow-traveller, and the civilities of the guard, who was



remarkably good company, my chagrin was in part worn out, and my assurance began to return. The bustle among the workmen, and the boisterous merriment of some of the intended bidders, put me in good spirits; and I and Skim cut no small figure in the parlour of the little inn, to which we used to adjourn every night, for the purpose of showing off, before the country people, who resorted there, as I suppose, in consequence of their love of genteel society, and from their understanding that they might expect to meet with personages of no less importance, than my colleague, and myself.

I could not help laughing at the ludicrous contrast furnished in my deportment at Mr. Hills, and in the company with which I now mingled. The stammering, timid simpleton there, was here, the loudest prater in the room. Before I left London, I had received a hint from Mr. Alderton, that it might not be amiss, to set up among " the joskins," the importance of the auctioneering profession. This duty I accordingly performed, I thought, with good effect. All present seemed greatly edified,

while I repeated, with a few flourishes of my own, the oration I had formerly heard from my employer's lips, on the folly of the public, in not calling for the publication of speeches at sales, as well as for those made in courts of law, not forgetting to put in, how perfectly incompetent Cicero would in all probability have been, to undertake the arduous duties, which frequently devolved upon Mr. Alderton.

I have said, all present seemed to profit by my discourse, but I ought to have confessed, that there was one exception. This was an elderly man, wearing, what Skim facetiously called, " a regularly built, three story wig," of a flaxen hue. His countenance seemed to me rather repulsive, and the redness of his nose, furnished a good mark for ridicule. He, instead of joining in the general expression of assent, made himself offensively conspicuous, by contemptuously breathing at the close of my best display, the very unconciliatory exclamation, " Pooh!"

The conversation soon turned on the former proprietor of the house, at which, to use the

phraseology of Skim, and myself, " we were *professionally* engaged;" and some discussion followed on the merits of that individual, who was still the object of so much curiosity, I mean Mr. Haversham. Some spoke of the circumstances connected with the murder of his wife—and others supplied anecdotes of the violence of his temper—which, in several instances, had been beneficially felt by the peasants in his neighbourhood; as it had sometimes happened that he had given a blow to one who abruptly crossed his path; but afterwards more than consoled him for the pain, by sending a donation of five guineas.

One of the party said, that Mr. Haversham was then very ill, and supposed to be at the point of death.

" That, after all," said the landlord, " will be a sad loss for the neighbourhood."

" But, is the information true?" inquired the person who had seemed to treat my speech with contempt.

" And what if it be?" I scornfully asked.

" Why," said one of the party, " it will be

a matter of regret, for he is certainly a man of great talent."

"If it be," I replied, "it will not be a matter of vast regret, that an accomplished murderer is called to his account."

"But is it true," asked the person who before made a like inquiry, "that he is a murderer?"

To this, I replied, by saying, that no doubt could be entertained on that subject; and then I made a speech, which I finished by energetically declaiming against the horrible atrocity of Mr. Haversham's conduct, seeing he had raised his hand, against the being, he was most especially bound to cherish and protect.

"But is it true?" inquired my elderly neighbour, once more.

I turned up my nose at this, for I could not dissemble my contempt for a person who presuming to dissent from me, while he could only keep repeating, like a starling—"But is it true?" "But is it true?"

And I said something like this; and, withal, threw out a reflection, which, I thought, from its tremendous severity, would teach him greater prudence for the time to come; for I said, "I wondered that any man, who really was a man, could stand up in the defence of an assassin, who had basely destroyed youth, loveliness, and innocence."

"But is it true?" said he, with the most affronting composure, without seming in the slightest degree ruffled by my attack. Such an outrage I could not help resenting; and I answered in a lofty, and indeed menacing tone.

"Some people might have very good reasons, for throwing doubt on what every body else believed."

"That *is* true," he remarked.

"But, for my part," I added, "I thought even what I had stated, would have been sufficient to convince every unprejudiced person of the guilt of Mr. Haversham."

"If," replied my antagonist, "accusations were proofs, and assertions facts, his guilt would

certainly be clearly established. But this is not the case; on the contrary, they bear no more resemblance to each other than—"

Here he coughed. I thought he was at a loss, and triumphantly filled up the pause, by saying—

"Than what? Now for your simile, my old boy."

The bidders, and others in the room, began to laugh, and I exulted in the ridicule I had thrown on the stranger.

He resumed, "since you demand it, then, there is no more resemblance between them, than there is between the eloquence of Cicero, to which you lately alluded, and the low, ungrammatical hammer jabber of your employer, Mr. Alderton."

A burst of laughter followed this, which was so obviously against me, that I lost all temper.

"What," said I, sternly, "have you to say against Mr. Alderton?"

"Nothing."

"What do you know to his prejudice?"

"Nothing."

"Then what right have you to speak against him in his absence?"

"If I have spoken against him, which I do not recollect, I had as good a right to do so as you could suppose yourself to have to speak against Mr. Haversham in his absence."

I felt there was something in that, but deemed it wiser to bluster on to a new attack, than to waste time by entering upon my defence. So I proceeded.

"What, I should like to understand, do you know of Mr. Alderton's oratory?"

"As much perhaps as you know of the orations of Cicero, to which you compared it."

This was a dead hit. The consciousness that I could not stand an examination on that point, made me feel uneasy, but I bravely went on, in the accusing tone.

"I should like to hear what proofs of bad grammar you can adduce against Mr. Alderton."

"Stronger ones, if you wish for them, than you are prepared to bring forward of the murder committed by Mr. Haversham. And now," he

added, with the same provoking mildness which he had used all along, "instead of debating the matter, we will proceed to the proofs themselves."

I indignantly replied, that, "indeed, I did not think it worth my while to do that, or anything else with him;" which he requited by saying, that, "in this instance, the prudence of my decision, was equal to the dignity, which marked its expression."

Another laugh followed this sarcastic speech, which was about the tenth raised by old Wigsby, (as Skim and I subsequently agreed to call him,) at my expense. His triumph was the more mortifying, as I thought myself secure of a very sensible auditory, who would not fail to admire every thing said by a London auctioneer's clerk; and I had calculated on greatly raising myself, in the estimation of the bidders, by "astonishing the natives."

"A pretty mess I have made of it," thought I, and I was not a little puzzled how to bring the contest to a decent finish, when I was re-



lieved by Skim's remarking, that "the night was prodigiously fine, and that a couple of ponies were ready, on which we could soon find our way to Haversham's house, which, though guarded night and day like a castle, he had no doubt he should manage, by hook or by crook, to enter."

"And, perhaps, said I, "we may catch a glimpse of the murderer in his den."

With this speech, and a knowing look directed at old Wigsby, I left the room. I retreated with some expedition, as he seemed about to reply; and I was not quite so confident of triumph over him then, as I had felt half an hour before.

CHAPTER IX.

We approach the Priory—Symptoms of a troubled conscience pointed out by Skim, in the strange doings of a supposed murderer—I and my companion get into the Priory grounds—Are much astonished and alarmed at what we see—A tremendous mishap occurs, which leads to very alarming consequences.

THE moon shone bright, and Skim was in high spirits and quite at his ease. I was not exactly so, for having scarcely ever crossed a horse before, I jolted from side to side, and went on in momentary expectation of being thrown. I was beginning to please myself, with the idea that my horsemanship was somewhat improved, when my saddle slipped round, and off I rolled. I did not suffer from the fall, but I was greatly annoyed at it, as Skim laughed immoderately at the accident, and was a full quarter of an hour before he would help me to set matters right

again, by tightening the girth, which I did not know how to adjust for myself.

My vexation too, was heightened by seeing old Wigsby approach, just after the accident occurred, and while Skim was in full grin on the occasion. He made no remark, but went on without speaking, as soon as he saw that I had recovered my feet.

"What a ridiculous old wretch that was!" said I, "that we met at the inn. I never came near such an ass in my life."

"Perhaps not," said Skim; "but he was too many for you. He got you up in a corner, and so fixed you that you had not a word to say."

This was very true, and very well I knew it; but I did not think it quite friendly in Skim to say so.

"I don't know what you mean by that," I replied. "I could presently have stopped his clapper, but what was the use of arguing with a fellow like that, who could only say 'is it true?'"

"You should have answered him, by saying 'yes,' for there is not the least doubt of the fact. Jackson, who is still in Haversham's service,

told me all about it. He heard the lady scream, and ran to the part from which the sound came, and besides he saw Haversham in that consternation and disorder, which plainly told what sort of work he had been about."

"But what must Jackson be, to live with such a miscreant?"

"Why as to that," he says, "it is not worth while for him to quarrel with his bread and butter. He gave evidence on the trial, but as the Jury acquitted his master, he considers the affair to be no business of his. He expected Haversham would have turned him away for coming forward as he did, but he never resented it in the slightest degree; on the contrary, he treated Jackson with great kindness. If he did not know himself guilty, he would hardly have done this."

I said, "certainly not," but at the same time I thought it was rather hard to infer crime from liberality.

This I say I thought, but I was too polite to differ from my friend, who continued to hold forth on the atrocity of the murderer.

Our road lay through a narrow woody lane, on emerging from which, I saw what appeared to me a forest, and rising from the centre of it a tall illuminated object met my view, the lights of which were moving to and fro.

"We are near our journey's end," said Skim. "You see Haversham Park before you. That tall building is an observatory, which is just about to be finished."

"What makes the lights move so? To me it seems, that they actually walk backwards and forwards."

"That is one of Haversham's strange fancies. He wishes to have an observatory which shall greatly exceed in height anything in this part of the country, and impetuous in this, as in everything else, he insists on having it completed in about half the time the builder told him would be necessary. It was in vain the tradesman argued, the bashaw would have his way. The consequence is what you see. It is now near midnight, and the poor devils employed on it, continue their labour by torch light."

"I can now see the workmen," said I.

"For my part," my friend added, "I have thoughts of my own on the subject."

Here Skim took a sublimely awful tone, and his manner became delightfully mysterious. I saw he wanted to be pressed, respecting that about which he affected reserve, and desired him to explain.

"Why then," said he, "mind, this is only my own thought. I am certainly of opinion,—the fact is,—that the villain is afraid to be alone at midnight, and therefore employs all these workmen about his residence, that he may not be left in the hours of darkness, to entertain old Beelzebub alone."

The conversation was terminated by our close approach to the park wall. We dismounted, and Skim took the horses to a little shed which was near, where he left them.

"Now," said he, "follow me. We have nothing for it but impudence. I know the fellow's name who keeps the gate. I shall accost him as an old acquaintance, to make him let me in."

"Well," said I, "but when we have got in, who is to let us out?"

"Oh, we can follow the workmen when they leave off, or we can scale the wall. Let us get in, that's all I care for. I warrant, if it comes to the worst, some of Haversham's people will be so obliging as to turn us out."

We now came to the lodge, and Skim called to the porter.

"Look sharp, Peter—look sharp, my old bird of Paradise; we want to go in."

"I don't know you, Sir," the man replied.

"Don't know me! Lord, Peter! how your eyes fail you! To be sure, we are now in the shade, but if you just open the door and walk on the lawn with me, the moon will give you my name."

"I don't know your voice, Sir."

"Why, my voice is a little gruffer than it was, when you and I were better acquainted. But you remember little Tim—Tim Jackson, I suppose,—well, I am Tim."

"Be you, indeed?" said the man; "why, how you have grown! I could hardly have believed it."

"And you have grown too, Peter, since I was

here, but it is like a cow's tail, downwards. You poke out your head rather more than formerly, so that at a distance you look like a short finger-post, or a falling gibbet: excuse my ideas, Peter, and open the gate, Peter; excuse my talking of a gibbet—an odd thought, wasn't it."

"Very natural, Sir," replied Peter, as he opened the gate. Skim was convulsed with silent laughter at his own facetiousness, and at the trick he had so successfully played off on Peter; but as we passed in, the light of the moon fell on the old man's face, and we saw that he was laughing as heartily as Mr. Skim could do, for the life of him.

My friend was not a little flattered by this involuntary compliment, for such he deemed it, paid by Peter to his wit and humour, the recollection of which powerfully excited his own risibility; notwithstanding I, being piqued at his success, and my own recent failure, assured him in my gravest and most matter of fact tone, that I could not see anything at all to laugh at.

From the open area to which the gate first admitted us, we passed through an alley, en-

closed by lofty trees, whose overhanging tops united, and formed a natural arch, through which the rays of the moon could scarcely penetrate, from the luxuriance of the foliage with which they were clothed. This conducted us to a broader avenue, the carriage way to the building, and turning to the right, a few steps brought us within sight of the Priory.

I gazed on the edifice with unmingled admiration. It was established on a rising ground, the summit of which was reached by a slope so gradual, that to the feet it was scarcely perceptible, though from the eye its importance could not be disguised. The spacious domain of which it was the mistress, was finely displayed on either side, and the same view delighted with the perfection of art and the majesty of nature.

The massy walls, the gothic towers, the aspiring turrets, astonished me by their magnificence, and I regarded them with such intenseness of delight, that I totally forgot the circumstance of our being intruders. Of this Skim now reminded me.

"We must not stand here," said he. "This

broad glaring light will betray us. The moon is just going down, and then we can venture close up, and if I can get hold of Jackson all will be right. But hang it, I now recollect that I heard a day or two ago he was starting for London. At all events, we can explore the grounds, and the moon, which forbids our approach to the Priory, will assist us elsewhere—but I am reckoning without my host, for it seems already about to vanish."

Skim led me through a series of walks, and pointed out to my observation a variety of ornaments, which he assured me were most costly, and would fetch any money if brought to the hammer. Then he directed my attention to a variety of shrubs, which, though I did not see anything particular in them, he informed me were entitled to unmixed admiration, as they had been brought from foreign parts at an immense expense. The moon, however, by wholly withdrawing her light, interrupted our survey, and the gloom which succeeded was infinitely deeper than we had expected it would be. We continued to advance, and found ourselves

by a spacious sheet of water. Dark as the night had become, we could perceive large circles momentarily made on its surface, which did not vanish so instantaneously, but their successors were seen, before the water had again become smooth.

Skim assured me it was only a shower that we had to expect, and proposed to me to follow him, up a path, which he had perceived led to a marquee. I did so, and found with some satisfaction that he was right. A tent had been pitched on the rising ground, for the accommodation of its proprietor, who from this elevation, could command a view of the lake we had just left, and of the Priory.

We entered the tent. The wind had now risen, and the rain came down in torrents, yet the lights on the unfinished observatory continued to burn. Skim noticed this, and said,

"The inhuman old villain. One murder is not enough for him, and so he makes these poor wretches work on, that some of them may be sacrified to his cruel whims and fancies, as his wife was."

I was about to reply, when we heard a footstep. It approached the tent, and Skim began to tremble as much as if he feared that one more murder, than even he had, contemplated, was likely to be committed.

"For God's sake come this way," said he in a whisper. "I have no doubt of its being Haversham himself."

While speaking he left the tent, and passed round to the back of it. I followed.

We heard the person who had disturbed us, slowly draw near. He was clearly little anxious for shelter. From our hiding-place, I perceived a tall well-proportioned figure, solemnly advancing, but with great deliberation. Just then I caught the murmur of his voice. I could not distinctly hear his words at first, but the wind subsiding, he became more audible. He seemed to be apostrophising the elements, and when I had listened a few moments, I distinctly caught these words—

> "Ye bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
> And suit the gloomy habit of my soul."

"Mark that," said Skim, giving me a most

intelligible pinch, which I understood to mean, as he subsequently told me it did, that after what we had heard, it was impossible to doubt that Haversham's conscience was troubled—haunted no doubt, by the apparition of the woman he had murdered.

I was most curious to see something more of Mr. Haversham, for he it was, I had no doubt, and stole forth to look at him; though Skim was incessantly twitching my coat, and whispering caution, in all the various phrases at his immediate command—such as, "Don't be a fool," "Good God! where are you going!" "What the devil are you at!"

A most favourable opportunity for observation soon presented itself. On a sudden, from something which he carried in his hand, an immense glare of light burst forth. I started back not a little disconcerted, and Skim fell flat on the ground. Not a sound was heard for some moments. I at length peeped out again. The form I had seen remained where it had previously stood, motionless as a statue. My eye happened just then, to glance at the ob-

servatory, and I perceived that the torches were no longer visible. The gloom, and the stillness which prevailed, evidently occupied the mind of our perambulating neighbour, for I heard him repeat in a low, but deep-toned voice, from the author he had before quoted—

> " Silence how still! and darkness how profound!
> 'Tis as the general pulse of life stood still,
> And nature made a pause—
> An awful pause, prophetic of her end.
> And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled.
> Fate drop the curtain. I can lose no more."

The last line, he repeated with an air of profound melancholy, which I thought really affecting. It seemed to me that such sounds could only proceed from a broken heart, and I inwardly reflected, that the singular being near me, if his crime had been dreadful, though he had escaped the operation of human laws, was still doomed to suffer no slight punishment.

He moved towards us. We retreated round the tent as he advanced; and presently heard him retire.

Skim, who had been perfectly silent, from the

moment the unexpected glare operated so powerfully on his fears, now recovered his speech. He accounted for his want of firmness, by assuring me, that when he saw the fire, and inhaled the sulphur, he absolutely believed, knowing the horrible guilt of the miscreant who was near us, that the devil, was about to requite him for all his iniquity, by taking him at once, to the regions below.

Such an idea he contended, and I did not deny it, was sufficient to alarm any one. He was, however, not unmindful of his general reputation for courage, and bravely assured me, that though he might be nervous, while he believed the power of hell at work so close to him, he was as bold as a lion, when he had only mortals to contend with. "If a dozen fellows were to attack me at once," he proceeded, in a strain so animated, that it had the effect of inspiring me with new courage, "I should presently make them understand, that I knew something of the use of the *fives*. You should see how I'd serve 'em out—I'd knock one, one way, and another, another."

"Indeed?" I exclaimed, in a tone which, I suppose, seemed to say, that, I was a little sceptical, for it gave my companion offence.

"Indeed!" he repeated, "yes, indeed! What, I suppose you think I should take to my heels? No, no, as fast as one was down, I should tell the next to come on. 'Now for it, my tight one, says I—if you are ready, I am, says I—who do you think is afraid?'—murder!"

I was a step or two before Skim, looking out, to try if I could discover any light about the Priory; but still listening to my friend, whom I was beginning to assure, that I had never doubted his courage for a moment, when the sudden exertion of his voice, which, previously, notwithstanding the valiant things he uttered, was prudently subdued, alarmed me; and, looking round, I saw him on his knees, with both hands uplifted, in the attitude of supplication, to a man, who firmly grasped him by the collar.

So much was I startled by what I saw and heard, that, for a moment, an idea crossed my

mind, that it would be wise to consult my own safety by flight. It was immediately dismissed. I resolved, come what might, to remain with my friend; and this generous resolution, was supported by two unknown persons, who now presented themselves before me, and seized me with as little ceremony, as had been used with Skim.

Our capture being thus effected, a burst of laughter followed, and a hundred questions as to "who we were," and "what we did there," were propounded by the six or eight persons, who had combined their operations on the occasion. We were not prepared with answers, but that was of no consequence just then, as those who questioned us, manifested no disposition to listen. The tumult, however, soon subsided, and we were enabled to hear distinctly some of the civil speeches addressed to us. The first of them that particularly arrested my attention, ran thus—

"So, my master, you completely made a fool of old Peter, hey? I am a finger-post, am I? Well, you see I have at any rate pointed out

the right road to catch a thief—I am not a gibbet."

Thus speaking, the old fellow, laughed as heartily at his own humour, as he had done when opening the gate for us, at Skim's wit.

The fact was, the news of our intended enterprize, had, by some means or other, found its way to the Priory before us, and when Peter allowed us to enter, he knew of the snare which had been laid for the intruders. This was the true subject of his mirth, though Skim always maintained, that, without entertaining that supposition, his laughter might be very easily accounted for.

Our attendants made a rapid advance towards the fish-pond, at the same time announcing their intention, to treat us with some "*cold duck*," for supper.

This witticism, though as good as many that I have seemed vastly to enjoy, did not move my laughter then.

We reached the water, and old Peter continuing his pleasantries, remarked, that the depth of it need not alarm Mr. Skim, as there was a

gibbet so near. The ceremony, it was proposed, should commence with him, and I was too magnanimous to object to precedency being given to my friend. Just at that moment, one of my guardians quitted me, and the grasp of my remaining custos being less firm than it had been, there was a chance of escape. A sudden start, emancipated me from the hand which had detained me, and I ran towards the tent, with two or three of my late captors at my heels. I flattered myself that I was beginning to gain ground, and hoped, in the mazes of the copse, to baffle the enemy, when my progress was checked by the appearance of one of their number, as I believed, standing full before me. Discomfited by this circumstance, I halted; then I endeavoured to burst through the bushes on my right, but had only succeeded in tearing my clothes and my flesh, and in struggling about three feet from the path, when I was seized by my pursuers, who having hurried me back to the pond, informed me, that, by way of acknowledgment for the sport I had afforded them, I should have the first turn.

I was decidedly of opinion that that was carrying their civility too far, and struggled violently again to break loose. My exertions were unavailing, and, forced to the water's edge, the grand plunge seemed inevitable.

It was just then, that a sudden illumination, like that which had surprised me, and almost annihilated Skim by the tent, was poured on the scene; and Mr. Haversham, who had prevented my escape, stood before us, and demanded, with much severity of manner, the cause of the proceedings then in progress.

Off went every hat in an instant, and every tongue began to recount the history of our capture.

"Are they thieves?" he inquired.

"They are—they must be, Sir," was the reply. "They meant to rob the Priory, and, perhaps, murder us all."

Skim attempted to profit by the respite, which this word produced.

"I beg to assure you, Sir," said he, "we are very honest young gentlemen. We know you well, Sir—very well, indeed, Sir; and



only ventured here, to gratify an innocent curiosity, Sir."

"Really!"

"We have a very great respect for you, Sir."

"Indeed!"

"And wishing to see your beautiful grounds, Sir, and knowing you to be rather particular about admitting strangers, Sir, we made so free as to try to get a peep at the Priory, Sir, without your knowledge, Sir—that's all, upon my honour, Sir. We meant nothing disrespectful, Sir, I assure you—ask my friend if we did, Sir."

"What have you to say?" demanded Mr. Haversham, turning towards me.

I was by no means sanguine as to the effect of Skim's eloquence, and deemed that any exhibition of my own, would prove unavailing, and the more so, as I perceived one of our captors in close conversation with Mr. Haversham, even while he seemed attending to my companion. I, therefore, only replied—

"We certainly wished to look at the Priory."

"And to see the murderer in his den," he retorted on me, and I, of course, failed not to

recognize the words I had used, when about to leave the inn. Not doubting but the rest of my share in the conversation there, had been equally well reported, I attempted no farther explanation.

" Nay, never scruple to avow the wish," he resumed, " I will be indulgent. You shall see the murderer in his den. Follow me."

He then ordered our release. Mr. Haversham directed his steps towards the Priory. We did the same, and those who had lately been very familiar with our persons, now contented themselves with watching our motions at some little distance.

CHAPTER X.

We enter the Priory—The murderer, and his den—Mr. Haversham gives us a lecture, which we might have expected, and something else for which we had no right to look—We are restored to liberty, and regain our courage.

THOUGH I was a good deal puzzled, to guess, for what particular purpose Mr. Haversham had ordered us to follow him to the Priory, I had not the least difficulty, in coming to the conclusion, that no good was intended. I had heard much of the violence of his disposition, and understood, that, for many years, he scarcely permitted a human being to pass within his walls, save the workmen, whom it was occasionally his pleasure to employ, and his own domestics. Indulging among these, the absolute humours of an eastern despot, I was at a loss to conjecture, how far his resentful feelings

would carry him now, and what ingenious mortification he had devised for our punishment.

I followed him, therefore, with anything but satisfaction, or pleasure, and with no disposition to enjoy the romantic spot, on which I found myself, or the splendid edifice, which we now approached.

Yet, as we drew near, the massy pile, though but imperfectly seen through the gloom which prevailed, struck me as most extraordinary. Its lofty towers, and vast proportions, inspired feelings of respectful awe, for the giant mind which it represented, and wonder at the enormous wealth, which could erect so magnificent a palace for the residence of an individual.

Arrived at the western entrance, the enormous folding doors slowly opened, and two servants with candles appeared. Mr. Haversham waved his hand, and they passed up a flight of marble steps, which, for their magnificence, would have done honour to the castle of an enchanter. Ascending these, I found myself in a splendid hall, from which three gothic doors, composed of oaken frames, filled with plate glass, opened

into different apartments. One, was immediately opposite that by which we had entered the priory; the others, to the right and left, belonged to galleries, which extended some hundreds of feet, to the northern and southern extremities of the edifice.

We passed into one of the interminable apartments which I have mentioned. Paintings and statues, were tastefully arranged on either side. The windows were concealed from view, by crimson curtains, fringed with gold, which descended from cornices, apparently, of massy gold, to the ground.

As we advanced, a succession of objects presented themselves, each as I thought, more splendid than all I had seen before, but nothing called forth my admiration and wonder, so much, as the apartment itself. It was lofty, but its length was such, that the eye in vain attempted to ascertain its whole extent. The two lights carried with us, illuminated a circle, which, from the general dimensions of the gallery, appeared very small, and all was gloom beyond.

We had nearly reached the end, when our conductors opened a small door on the right-hand side, by which we passed into a narrow corridor. Skim, who had previously manifested no inconsiderable alarm, now shrugged up his shoulders with increasing dismay. He gave me a very solemn look, which seemed to say, "our hour is come." I returned it with one equally gloomy, and which, but for the awe inspired by the presence of Mr. Haversham, would have been accompanied by some very handsome compliment to him, in acknowledgment of his services, which had so effectually procured me a sight of the Priory.

Another moment sufficed to conduct us into an elegantly furnished apartment, in which a supper had been set out, apparently for eight or ten persons. An enormous quantity of massy plate, appeared on the table, which was also heavily laden with the choicest viands.

The various objects, which had been pressed on my attention within the last hour, had, in my mind, much of the effect of magic, and the

mysterious reserve, and commanding gestures of Mr. Haversham, were admirably calculated to sustain the illusion.

Having entered the supper room, he advanced with a stately and measured step, to the chair, at the head of the table. A motion of his hand, intimated to his servants, that they might withdraw.

The silent mandate was instantly obeyed. Mr. Haversham then seated himself. He gazed on us stedfastly but spoke not.

I supposed him to be considering how he could best punish our intrusion, and Skim, I saw, from his trembling violently, had the same feeling. He afterwards confessed that he had deemed it an affair of life and death, for as he considered, the taste and talent of Mr. Haversham for murder, were not to be doubted, and as we had committed a trespass which he was ever ready to regard as a most culpable outrage, he supposed him to be only balancing in his own mind, whether or not he might " shed our blood," (this fine language was Skim's,) without risk of being brought to justice.

Mr. Haversham at length broke silence.

"Sit down," he said, speaking in a tone of command, the sternness of which prevented us from thinking him at all too polite, in desiring us to take a chair. We obeyed, and as we did so, endeavoured to throw a great deal of gratitude in our faces, and Skim went so far as to say,

"We are very much obliged to you, sir—very much obliged to you indeed, but you do us too much honour."

This courtesy on the part of my friend, was not exceedingly well received.

"I want none of your auctioneering small talk, sir," said Mr. Haversham. "You, he continued fixing his full and penetrating eye on me, have at least the decency to abstain from hypocritical acknowledgments, though I have especially applied myself, to gratify your expressed wish."

I recollected the taunt which I had encountered in the park, and knew right well to what he alluded. No suitable answer, however, suggested itself, and after vainly tasking my capacity, to produce something that might conciliate,



I found myself so much embarrassed, that I could only utter the monosyllable—" Sir!"

" I say, sir," he went on, " that it is creditable to your understanding, if not to your heart, that you have not yet attempted to impose on me, by an affectation of respect, or false assurance of a sense of obligation."

I made no reply. Having waited in vain for further speech from me, he proceeded—

" Well!—Are you satisfied? Do you consider that you have seen enough of the murderer in his den?"

" *I*," said Skim " did not speak of the murderer in his den."

" I know that, sir, and I also know what you did say. Your accomplice rightly judges, that I am acquainted with the substance of all your late conversation, and knows better than to attempt shuffling out of the scrape, by any quibbling subterfuge."

It now occurred to me, from Mr. Haversham's manner, that a bold avowal of what had passed, could do no harm, and might possibly produce a contrary effect.

"Sir," said I "I will not conceal from you, that I have freely commented upon your character. You perhaps will not be offended at my dealing ingenuously with you, by stating that having heard you much censured, I believed you to be a bad man, and spoke accordingly."

"You have given me another proof, he replied, that you possess a moderate share of common sense. The artifice is not particularly bad, which conscious of detection, claims credit for frankness, while stating what the speaker must be right well aware, is already known. However, sir, as you are now in my power—

"In your power!" I repeated, interrupting him with some warmth. "It is true, sir, that we are on your premises, but we have committed no crime, that can legally give you a right to lay violent hands upon us."

"Indeed! If two felons in the dead of night, invade my dwelling place, have I no right to lay violent hands upon the intruders? Is this your exposition of the law, generally, or does it only apply to *murderers and their dens?*"

Instead of directly answering this question, I

considered it more prudent, to attempt a further defence of what I had said, by remarking, that in using the words which he had repeated, my object had been, not to give him offence, but to annoy a person who had conducted himself towards me with some rudeness, and induced me to resent—

"His disapprobation of calumny," said Mr. Haversham. "Such at least, it might be, for anything you know to the contrary."

"O!" said Skim, "but he was such a low impudent old rascal. If you had heard him, you would not have disapproved of what we said. Not the slightest offence was meant to you."

"Indeed!"

"None upon my honour. If that old ruffian has told you anything, don't believe a word of it. I know him to be a very bad character."

"I know something of him," said Mr. Haversham. "Not to trifle with you further, this obnoxious individual, was no other than myself."

"You! you, sir!" stammered Skim; and I looked as much amazed as my friend.

"Yes," said Mr. Haversham, "I had heard what sort of company might be expected, and resolved to try if I could learn, through wearing a disguise, what treatment I was to receive from the agents of Mr. Alderton. I passed you on your road hither. It was my intention merely to disappoint you, by excluding you from the Priory, but my servants, without my concurrence, decided on taking another course. It was in consequence of this, that you were admitted, watched, and eventually seized on my grounds, as much to my surprise, as to yours."

This explanation, so overwhelmed Skim with amazement, that he was silent for several minutes, but at last he whimpered out,

"I beg your pardon—Indeed—indeed I did not know it was Mr. Haversham."

"That I believe, but that is no good excuse for you. Say you believe me to be a murderer, still as you knew that the law has refused to relieve me from life, and that I had so far confined myself to my *den*, as to offer no annoyance to others, out of it, methinks you might have

allowed, even the monster you consider me, to pine undisturbed, and die unseen."

He spoke with energy, and really, it seemed to me, that he had some reason on his side.

"What led you," he inquired, "to the conclusion that it was a duty imposed upon you, to exhibit that felonious virtue, which brings you here, and entitles me to treat you as a robber?"

I assured him that I had had no intention of committing any dishonest act.

"Every thief, when he finds himself in custody, will say the same thing."

I indignantly replied, that he had no right to consider me a thief.

"Perhaps you think so, but really I am inclined to say, that I have as good right to regard you as a thief, as you can have to condemn me as a murderer. When I found you had actually succeeded in your meditated invasion, I was disposed to treat you with some severity. But I have now had time to cool, and while I feel, that your curiosity was blameable, I also feel that resentment may be carried too far. You have been rather roughly handled,—have

been forcibly detained, and besides, have been kept during some time in dread of further hostility. This shall suffice. Possibly when I was young like you, I acted as thoughtlessly."

"You're very good," my friend remarked, and he now evidently began to feel himself quite at his ease, "you are very good indeed."

"Indeed, I am not very good. However when you report that you have seen the *murderer in his den*, you will perhaps have the charity to say, you did not find him more ferocious than you expected."

"Oh, sir! you may depend on our gratitude."

"On man's gratitude *I* cannot depend, and I have not sought, nor do I seek, to entitle myself to yours. But the hour grows late. Hunger generally persecutes youth, as the want of appetite does age. Partake then of what the table affords, and depart."

Skim renewed the expression of his thankfulness, but for my own part, I was so embarrassed by the unexpected situation in which I

found myself, that though well disposed to testify my satisfaction, I had no power to utter a word. Skim, no longer depressed, availed himself without delay of the invitation to supper which he had just received. Mr. Haversham relapsing into thoughtful silence, seemed wholly unconscious of our presence.

I gazed on him with interest, and on all I saw with wonder. Judging from his physiognomy and deportment, I should have concluded, that he had no relish for the enjoyments of the table. But if so, whence the strange profusion spread before me? This was a riddle, which all my ingenuity could not solve. I was still occupied with it, when Skim, having made a tolerably hearty meal himself, pressed me to undertake the discussion of some fowl and ham, which he had placed before me.

Once or twice, while we were eating, Mr. Haversham spoke, but merely to bid us freely help ourselves, to what we preferred. His thoughts were immediately withdrawn from us. He rose and passed to the middle of the room, and stationing himself before a looking glass, appeared

wholly absorbed in contemplating his own image.

His conduct in this instance afforded me new surprise. Nothing could be plainer than his dress, yet he eyed himself as curiously as any Dandy or coquette could the finery, or the charms, prepared to win notoriety, or inspire passion. Mentally, I commented on this as ridiculous, and while I was doing so, he turned towards me, and spoke as if he had seen my thoughts.

"You deem it vanity and folly, in me, thus to gaze upon myself."

"O! not in the least," replied my polished companion. "It's what I am very fond of doing."

"I did not know that I had your example to justify my conduct," said Mr. Haversham. "It may perhaps do you no harm, to tell you what my thoughts were. That glass, belonged to my father."

"Indeed!" Skim exclaimed. "Ah, Sir, they made better looking glasses then, than they do now. That, Sir, is a real Vauxhall plate! It

would fetch a trifle at our sale. No occasion to buy it in."

"When first I looked on it," continued our host, without seeming to hear that intelligence, which Skim had expected would be most welcome to him, "this identical article being then, such as it now appears, presented to my view a rosy-faced laughing little boy. A few years passed away, and it reflected the image of a growing heedless youth, full of health, and exhibiting all the animation of joyous hope. At a subsequent period I again looked on it, and saw a man. Boundless expectation had now been brought down to calm satisfaction; I had no further good to expect; the first throb of exultation was over, but fear and distrust were unknown. More advanced in years, I saw in it, one of middle-aged appearance, whose aspect was that of a maniac; and now, once more this object, which originally reflected my infant mirth, gives me to see a picture of declining life, a faded remnant of humanity, and a living record of mournful error, awful suffering, and undying grief. This piece of furniture, brings before me the epitome of my

life. It may be well for you if, thus communicated, it has the effect of warning you against indulging deceitful dreams, which too frequently grow on the mirthful scenes, and careless indolence of youth."

I was much inclined to say something appropriately philosophic, but could get no further than "The changes of life are certainly very interesting, but at the same time,"—when he, rightly anticipating that my speech would not be worth listening to, cut me short by saying, with a smile of self reproof,

"I am growing garrulous as well as old. You do not want to hear me preach, so now, if you have supped, you may depart. As you got in by stealth, it would be but fair to leave you to get out as you can, which perhaps you would find a matter of some difficulty; but after prosing to you, as I have done, I will not visit you with any new infliction."

"We are very much obliged to you, Sir, for all favours," said Skim.

"Then have the civility to acknowledge them, —by never coming near me again."

My friend had expected a different conclusion to this brief request, and had another polite reply in considerable forwardness. The hint, that he must intrude no more, rather disconcerted him, and before he could recover himself Mr. Haversham had left the room. He bowed courteously as he went out, and the urbanity of his manner, almost obliterated all recollection of the abruptness of his speech.

We considered Mr. Haversham's withdrawing himself, to be the signal for us to retire. A servant attended to conduct us from the Priory. He did not take us through the gallery, which we had previously traversed, but led the way, down a winding staircase to the outside of the building.

On reaching the gate by which we had entered, the servant rang a bell, and old Peter, who momentarily expecting a summons, had remained at his post, from the time of our being marched into the Priory, appeared. He could not tell what to make of our long stay and present dismissal, and did not venture to indulge in that vein of pleasantry, with which he had lately

entertained us. Skim, somewhat doubtful still of our perfect safety, thought it prudent not to recur to his former jocularity. He therefore made his exit in perfect silence, and I imitated him.

We regained our horses, and then Skim, satisfied at last, that no hostility on the part of Mr. Haversham or his people was to be feared, felt his heart wholly at ease. His returning spirits, seemed associated with gratitude to our late host, for we had scarcely cleared the park, before he exclaimed against the lies some people were in the habit of telling, who represented Mr. Haversham to be a murderer. Had such been the case, he argued, he would not have acted by us as he had done.

For the sake of consistency, I maintained that because we had been treated with some degree of kindness, it did not follow that what we had previously heard of the person we had just left, was untrue. But though I held this language to Skim, being always inclined to think "well of the bridge which bore me well over," I could

not help inwardly feeling, that it was rather improbable that an individual who had regaled me with an excellent supper that night, should have committed murder ten or twenty years before.

CHAPTER XI.

Preparations for the sale—An auctioneer and his customers—My improvements in the house produce an awful catastrophe—Glorious news and dismal consequences—A mystery explained.

We got back without accident, and boasted not a little of the success of our expedition.

Mr. Alderton now made his appearance among us. He came with all the pomp of a commander-in-chief, about to issue the last orders for a general battle, destined to fix for centuries, the fate of a whole continent.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, this was the day but one, before the sale was to begin, "we must lose no time. Every moment is important. We are likely to have a most splendid company. The Hon. Mrs. Balloon, with two of her daughters, have already arrived. Many other people of consequence, will be here in the course of the

afternoon. The attraction of the sale is very great. Every body wishes to have something belonging to the late proprietor, and they know, seeing that I am employed, the effects must be genuine."

"O certainly, Sir," said Skim.

And as I thought perfect silence, on my part, would look rather odd, I said,

"Of course."

"Now," he proceeded, addressing himself to the gentleman who usually acted the judge of wines and liquors at his sales, "you will be on the alert, to recognise the new wine we bottled last spring, as being of the famous vintage of 1808."

"Yes, Sir."

"And don't venture to tip the wink to Skim or to any of them, when I cry up the *four and sixpenny Champaigne*, as being some, which the officers of the French King's household wished to purchase for his Majesty's own drinking."

"No, Sir."

"Because, though between ourselves, it would answer my purpose better to give it away, than to drink it, yet as it is quite as good as what is

now selling in London, as the best, if anything disrespectful is said, I will prosecute for a libel."

Here we all laughed.

"I am quite serious," said he, "I will prosecute any one who says a word against it. I have as good a right to damages as another; and even if I fail to gain a verdict, the reports of the trial, would be worth the expense of it as advertisements, and so pay me as they lately did the most barefaced scamp in town."

Mr. Alderton meant what he said, though I could hardly believe it at the time.

"Now," said he to the connoisseur of our party, a poor artist, who received seven shillings a-day for his attendance, "you will be in the sale room all day to-morrow, and be sure to point out in whispers loud enough to be heard half a dozen yards off, the beauties of that Claude Lorraine which was finished last week."

"Yes, Sir."

"Be very particular to insist on the undoubted proofs of its being genuine."

"Yes, Sir, and the same with the *Jan Steen*?"

"The *Jan Steen* we must say nothing about.

There has been sad work with that, and with the *Gerard Dow*. If Daubinger, this you may tell him from me, can't keep better time, he may look out for another employer. I am not going to pay him fifteen shillings for his Jan Steens, and have them sent into the sale room, absolutely wet from the pallet."

It of course stood to reason, that this would injure the character of an ancient painting, and I said as much in the way of commentary, on the speech of my principal.

He then complained with great bitterness of the vexations he had to endure, in his line, and blamed himself for being a fool, as in consequence of his having generously advanced five pounds to Roberts, our missal maker, a beautifully illuminated old prayer book, which he had puffed in all the papers, and expected to produce immense profit, had not yet been finished.

Mr. Alderton came round to good humour when another of the corps, who was connected with that department, called his attention to the masterly execution of a book of the household expenses of Sir Robert Brackenbury, Lieutenant

of the Tower of London, who gave up the command of the fortress to Sir James Tyrrel, on the night when Slater, Dighton and Forest went to murder the Princes, by order of Richard the Third. This was done in an excellent old hand. The orthography was so correct, that it was perfectly unintelligible. The whole was written on *Jug* paper, which proved the authenticity of the entries. The paper was really that of the elder time, having been abstracted from old books for the purpose.

Then Mr. Alderton proceeded to introduce some of the gentry who attended, to one another. A good customer of his, a female broker and undertaker, who generally acted for her husband, he introduced to an apothecary, who was sometimes authorised to bid for his wealthy patients. He hoped that they might be serviceable to each other in business. The she undertaker could recommend the medical man, where a death had taken place, when people were generally disposed to change their professional attendant; and the apothecary, had no hesitation in saying that in the course of his practice he frequently

had opportunities for recommending an undertaker.

To put all parties in good humour, Mr. Alderton gave a grand concert on the evening before the sale. I was amazed at the very splendid attendance which we had. All the people of fashion within ten miles of the place were there, and among them the Honourable Mrs. Balloon, and her daughters.

That lady, was singularly affable, and talkative with me. I was a good deal struck with the manner in which she spoke of the hardness of the times, because, as I remarked to Skim, "it showed such a feeling heart."

"It is melancholy," she remarked with vast sensibility, "to think of the distress endured just now. Only think of genteel people obliged to make shift with a job carriage."

"What very exalted pity!" thought I.

"And some poor creatures are even forced to make shift with a hack. Heavens, what a shocking thing, to step into a carriage which has just been carrying you do not know whom!"

"Very shocking, indeed," I said.

"Yet many have been obliged this season to submit to this, and curtail their in-door expenses as well, so as even to deny themselves fruit till it came into season; and the poor things have scarcely seen a morsel of ice, in the middle of summer, and not known the taste of Champagne for weeks and weeks together."

I thought I could make myself remarkably entertaining, by telling the Hon. Mrs. Balloon of distress which she had never heard of, in her exalted station, and I accordingly said,

"Nay, Madam, even worse distress than that, has been felt."

"Sir!" said she, with a look of great incredulity,

"There have been many, who, from want of employment, have not been able to keep a house over their heads."

"A house!"

"Who could get nothing to wear."

"O but"—

"And have even wanted bread for themselves and children."

"Dear me! To whom do you allude?"

"To the poor manufacturers and agricultural labourers."

"O!" said the honourable Mrs. Balloon, whose sensibility I had thought so admirable, "that is quite another matter. I was speaking of people of a certain class—of fellow creatures—you understand me. You are talking of wretches—of cattle, and those, I leave to the care of Mr. Martin, of Galway."

I saw in a moment the error I had committed, and blushed for the vulgarity I had displayed, in pitying such sufferers.

Mr. Alderton greatly approved of the arrangements made by Skim and myself, for the sale. He was particularly loud in his approbation, of the cleverness I had shown, in removing a sink from the landing on the second floor, which was immediately under a window in the roof, (for that part of the house was but two stories high), on the entrance to the drawing-room, which was to be the sale room, and which had been rather dark before.

The sale commenced, and I regret that I had not a knowledge of short hand, to take

down all the persuasive eloquence, which Mr. Alderton lavished on the lots as they came in succession to the hammer; to make it known that he was "not selling, but giving away." I wish I could commit to paper anything that might adequately represent the dry, short, apparent convulsion, between a sigh and a laugh, which indicated his mingled sorrow and mirth, at finding his company so sordid, or so ignorant, as not to offer more, and the impressive tone in which, after reciting the last price three times, he proceeded to declare—that the hammer was falling, the lot "gone," but that the bidding given as it struck the board, was just in time.

On these interesting topics I will not enlarge, suffice it to say, that everything went on gaily in the main, interrupted however, by one little accident.

Mrs. Balloon, who was a little favoured in her purchases, as she now and then on signal given, ran up a lot which somebody else wished to buy, frequently complained of the behaviour of some of the regular bidders, and others who attended. She, in fact, considered everything about her

shockingly low, the prices of those articles which she really bought for herself, excepted. On the second day, she was particularly annoyed by several individuals taking from her, articles on which she had really fixed her mind, and at last she complained in a whisper to Mr. Alderton, that the heat was intolerable, and she could not remain any longer among those vulgar people. Shortly after this preface, she really looked as if she was about to perform a genteel fainting fit.

My employer, directed me to hand Mrs. Balloon out, and see her properly attended to.

I was on the alert, to pay every attention to so fine a lady, and accordingly soon made a passage for her through the crowd.

"A glass of water!" she exclaimed—faintly but impatiently.—"Quick! or I shall faint,—some water I say—some water."

Scarcely were the words out of her mouth, when down came a most plentiful supply, through my much admired skylight, which completely overwhelmed her. The suddenness of the application, the quantity, and perhaps the colour of it, all combined to inspire alarm, and I

thought Mrs. Balloon would indeed have fainted then. Such is the fate of mortals, the thing we court to ward off a threatened evil, often produces the very mischief against which we would guard.

This moral reflection, did not occur to me at the moment. The shrill scream which acknowledged the receipt of the descending flood, and the faint sigh, which followed, claimed all my attention. I had instinctively, or accidentally, stepped back, so as to escape the main body of the deluge, though not far enough to avoid being well splashed, but I now sprang forward, and caught Mrs. Balloon in my arms, and carried her out of the reach of further danger.

Then I proceeded to inquire who had perpetrated this foul deed, and soon learned that a kitchen wench, forgetful of my improvement, had thoughtlessly gone as she was wont to do, and discharged a pail-full of soapy water down the sink, or rather where the sink had once been. The immediate consequences were most disastrous, for besides the fright which it had occasioned, the finery which Mrs. Balloon had

thought proper to display on this occasion was completely demolished, and that under circumstances which produced a burst of uproarious laughter, from all the "low people," before whom she had displayed her high breeding, enjoyed her misfortune.

By showing her the utmost attention in my power, I did all I could to obliterate the accident. The offender begged her pardon, and female attendance being procured, to set matters to rights, as far as might be, I returned to the sale. I found that Mr. Alderton was not a little vexed at what had occurred. He anticipated that Mrs. Balloon would claim compensation, for the pecuniary injury which she had sustained, and before he left the pulpit, he indulged in some remarks on the stupid folly, that was his forcible expression, of pulling a house to pieces, for mere whims and fancies.

Nor was this resentment merely temporary. He reminded me of it more than once, while we remained in the country, and I felt that his good opinion of me, abated very rapidly. Nothing that I could do, seemed to please, and he often

blamed rather freely, what I had calculated would tend to re-establish me in his good graces. Things remained in this state, for some weeks after our return to London.

Having always considered that my political opinions, had greatly served me with Mr. Alderton, I hoped to do away the unfavourable impression which had been made on him, by a new display of patriotism. I was constantly on the look out for some happy event, which would justify exultation in my country's glory. Fortunately—most fortunately as I thought, news was received of a great naval victory. I heard of it as I was walking along the Strand, and instantly ran to the Admiralty, to ascertain its truth. The park and tower guns were firing as I got there, and I had the pleasure of hearing it all confirmed.

I hastened home and sought Mr. Alderton. He was evidently much out of spirits, which proved to me that I was in time to give him the first of the good news, so I began,

"I have the pleasure to tell you, Sir, that I have some most agreeable intelligence."

"Have you?" he coldly replied.

"Yes, Sir; and though you seem now rather unwell, I am sure you will be in raptures when you hear it."

"Indeed!"

"What will you say, Sir, when I tell you, that Admiral Broadside has defeated the French Fleet, in a great battle?"

"What!" exclaimed my employer, "are the French defeated—and in a great Naval engagement?—is it possible!"

"Yes, Sir, it is true—the Admiral has taken ten sail of the line."

"Ten sail of the line!—nonsense, ten sail!"

"Yes, Sir, thank God—ten sail of the line!—Long life to brave Admiral Broadside!"

"The devil take Admiral Broadside, and you too!" replied my employer, and then, in a state of frantic exasperation, he asked, what right had I to attend to politics, instead of minding my business?

I was so confounded by the reception given to my glorious news, that I could scarcely believe my ears. I tried to say something about

being sorry, and sneaked out of the room, overwhelmed with confusion, and dismay.

Skim saw me leaving Mr. Alderton, and judged, from my disorder, that something was wrong. I recounted to him what had occurred, as I have described it above. I expected he would condole with me, when, to my utter astonishment, he burst into a roar of laughter!

To find that a communication, which I considered to be one of such grave importance, should be received with mirthful derision, instead of calling forth that tender, friendly sympathy, which, on this occasion, I felt I had a right to claim, was what I could scarcely endure. I was much incensed, and I have no doubt my looks gave Skim earlier notice of that fact, than he could by possibility have received from my speech, for he suddenly checked his risibility, and addressed me thus—

"Why, what's the matter! What are you in such a funk about? Nothing has occurred that ought to surprise you—nothing at all."

"Indeed!" said I, "why, I have always

considered Mr. Alderton to be a very loyal man."

"So he is, when he's a *Bull*."

"A Bull!" said I, "what do you mean by a *Bull?*"

"What!" he rejoined, "are you such a calf as not to know?—why, then, I will tell you At the Stock Exchange, (where, by the bye, our hopeful principal made nearly all his money,) those who do time bargains, and 'go for the rise,' as they call it, are said to be *Bulls;* while those who speculate for a fall, are invariably dubbed Bears. Now, when Alderton happens to be one of the former, he is always very eloquent about the country's rising glories, and boundless prosperity."

"So, till to-day, I always found him."

"Yes, he has been *bull*-ing a good deal lately, but when he is going the other way, nothing will satisfy him but defeat abroad, and national bankruptcy at home. He is a *Bear* just now, and that accounts for the reception which your news met with. If you had told

him that the French had landed at Dover, and were in full march for London, he would have embraced you."

"Is it possible!" I asked, with a degree of simplicity, which I have often thought since, must have appeared excessively ridiculous, "that any prospect of personal gain, could induce an Englishman to wish defeat and disgrace, to fall on his native land?"

"His native land!" said Skim, contemptuously turning up his eyes, "why, the most virtuous jobber alive, would give his native land, and all the live stock on it, himself excepted, to the paternal care of the Dey of Algiers, for a profit of one per cent, and hang his own father, for one and a half."

I exhibited a vast deal of horror, at hearing of this, at least, I meant to do so; and, accordingly, I first looked at the clouds, next I fixed my eyes on the ground, shaking my head, and then looked stedfastly at Skim, to ascertain if he had noticed the emotion so very creditable to my feelings, as it appeared to me, which I had displayed.

Skim, however, that was the worst of him, had no sentiment. He laughed at the idea of my caring a pinch of snuff, as he expressed himself, about my country; and proceeded to explain the art and mystery of stockjobbing. Among other things, he told me the recent misfortunes of Mr. Alderton, had caused many words between him and his wife. The lady, though she had no objection to her husband being in the stocks, objected to his going for the *fall*, as he had lately thought fit to do; and Skim added, she was so uneasy on this point, that her first cry in the morning, and her last at night, was, "why will you be a *Bear*—how can you be such a fool, Alderton?" and then, came the climax of the pathetic—"I wish you were a *Bull*, my dear!"

CHAPTER XII.

I am sent to the Stock Exchange—The Jobbers pay me extraordinary attention, and insist on my staying where I had no right to intrude—I meet with good fortune, and make some respectable friends.

I SHALL not here describe all the reflections which I made on what Skim had told me. It is enough to state, that while I really felt amazed that any one could repine at the success of that navy, on which all the greatness of England must depend, I was decidedly of opinion, that practices which led men to this incipient treason, as it appeared to me, ought to be put down by the strong arm of the law.

But I soon began to acquire more rational ideas. My employer, feeling that his late conduct was well calculated to surprise, and fearing that it might be made the subject of conversation, where he had no wish that it

should be talked about, considered it necessary to offer some explanation. He represented the hardship of his case, by stating that he had lost a very large sum of money, through the rise occasioned by the late victory; and this affliction, great as it was in itself, was aggravated by the circumstance, of his having had it on the morning of the day when the park guns fired, from a messenger of the house of commons, who heard it from a member, who heard it from a navy commissioner, who had got it from the first lord of the Admiralty, that Admiral Broadside, had actually been beaten off by the enemy, and obliged to give up all idea of bringing on a general action.

In addition to this, he informed me, that he believed he had suffered on this, as on many former occasions, by the roguery of his broker, who, though considered to be a respectable man, was, in reality, (but this he did not wish to go any further,) a great rascal.

Had he been in the city himself, or had he had any one there in whom he could confide, the mischief might have been prevented; and he now

announced it to be his intention, to send me to the Stock Exchange, occasionally, to remind the broker from time to time of what he ought to do, that he might not pretend, when it suited him, to have forgotten or misconceived his instructions.

I was glad to hear that some occupation was provided for me, as the auctioneering business had, for some time past, so fallen off, that I expected to be dismissed.

In consequence of the decision which I have just mentioned, having been come to by Mr. Alderton, I now entered on quite a new scene. By his directions, I went to Capel Court, that I might be ready to call on his broker to buy, or to sell, the moment consols were at that price at which he desired to commence, or to close his operations.

There, I found myself in such company as I had never seen before. Gay sparks, with their hats placed on one side, and their hands in their breeches pockets, walked up and down, with a magnificent strut, whistling most har-

moniously, or occasionally humming an Italian air. Several grave personages stood in close consultation, scowling on all who approached, and seeming, I thought, to reprehend my intrusion. Some lads, whose faces announced their Hebrew origin, and whose miscellaneous finery was finely emblematical of rag fair, passed in and out between the two sets of persons I have noticed; and, besides these, there attended a strangely varied rabble, exhibiting in all sorts of forms and ages, dirty habiliments, calamitous poverty, and grim visaged villainy.

It was curious to me, to hear with what apparent intelligence these raggamuffins discussed all the concerns of the nation. Every wretch was a statesman, and each could explain, not only all that had been hinted at in Parliament, but all that was at that moment passing in the bosom of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mixed with this crowd, I ought to remark, there were a few individuals who had some visible means of getting a livelihood. These sold oranges, and walking sticks, live carp, and

terrier puppies; and one made a considerable display of property, in the shape of almond cakes, raspberry tarts, and mutton pyes.

Inexperienced as I then was, and small as was my cause for alarm, the aspect of this banditti, had the effect of admonishing me on the instant to take care of my pockets, and it was impossible to be more polite than I was, in making way for any gentleman who wished to pass me, and who seemed likely to come in contact with my person.

The principal scene of business, I understood, was in the house which stands at the extremity of the court, and thither I attempted to proceed. A man in a dress something like that of a parish beadle, directed me to stand back. Such rudeness towards a person from the west end of the town, struck me as highly unbecoming. I resolved to mark my resentment of it, by effecting an entrance, in spite of such an unmannerly fellow as he had proved himself. I accordingly watched, while he barked out the names of the brokers whom he was in succession desired to

call, and at the end of a quarter of an hour had the luck to effect my object.

I turned to the right, and found myself in a spacious apartment, which was nearly filled with persons more respectable in appearance than the crew I had left at the door. Curious to see all that was to be seen, I began to scrutinise the place and the society into which I had thus contrived to intrude.

But I was prevented from indulging the reflections which began to suggest themselves to me, by the conduct of those about me. A curly-faced Jew, with a face as yellow as a guinea, stopped plump before me, fixed his black round leering eyes full on me, and exclaimed, without the slightest anxiety about my hearing him,

"So help me Got, Mo! who is he!"

Instead of replying, in what I should have considered a straight forward way, to this question, Moses (for *Mo* was the abbreviation of that name) raised his voice as loud as he could, and shouted with might and main,

"*Fourteen hundred new fives.*"

The exertion of his lungs seemed at once to reach "the cave where echo lies," and a hundred voices repeated the mysterious exclamation,

"Fourteen hundred new fives!" "Where, where—Fourteen hundred new fives—Now for a look; where is he—Go it, go it," were the cries raised on all sides by the crowd, which rallied about my person like a swarm of bees, to the melody of a warming-pan, round their queen.

And then Mo, by way of proceeding to business, repeating the war cry, for such I found it was, of "*fourteen hundred new fives,*" staggered sideways against me, so as almost to knock me down. My fall, however, was happily prevented by the kindness of a brawny Scotchman, who humanely calling out "Let the mon alone," was so good as to stay me in my course with his shoulder, and even to send me back towards Mo, with such violence, that had he not been supported by a string of his friends, he must infallibly have fallen before me. Being thus backed, however, he was enabled to withstand

the shock, and to give me a new impulse in the direction of the Scotchman, who awaiting my return, treated me with another hoist as before, and I found these two worthies were likely to amuse themselves with me, as with a shuttle-cock, for the next quarter of an hour.

I struggled violently to extricate myself from this unpleasant situation, and by aiming a blow at the Jew induced Moses to give up his next hit, and to allow me for a moment to regain my feet.

The rash step which I had taken, it presently appeared, was likely to produce very formidable consequences. All present were highly exasperated against me; first, for intruding myself on them, and next for striking one of their sacred fraternity. The war became more desperate than ever. Each individual seemed anxious to contribute to my destruction; and though it is true I heard repeated bursts of laughter, yet these plainly came from fiends exulting over my distress, inflamed by my resistance, and resolute to commit murder. Some of their number manifested their unwillingness to go quite

so far as that, and considerately called out to their friends more than once,

"*Spare his life, but break his limbs.*"

In the tumult and confusion which prevailed, I could not immediately perceive, that those nearest to me, were at all disposed to limit their hostility to inflicting the moderate correctional punishment which had been suggested.

I confess my alarm was extreme, and when a momentary pause occurred, I looked anxiously round for the means of escape.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, to use the gentleman in that sort of way," squeaked a small, imp-like looking person, affecting sympathy, and at the same time making an inefficient effort to renew the sport.

"How would you like it yourself," cried another, "if you were a stranger?" shaking his sandy locks with a knowing look, and knocking off my hat while he spoke.

I made a desperate blow at this offender. It did not take effect, from the expedition with which he retreated, and I had prudence enough to reflect, that it would be better to re-

cover my hat than to pursue the enemy. For this purpose, I turned round in the direction which it had been made to take, and saw my unfortunate beaver, or "*cannister*," as it was called by the gentry, who now had it in their keeping, bounding backwards and forwards, between the Caledonian and his clan, and the Jew and his tribe.

My distress, and their entertainment, reached their climax. The uproar which prevailed, would have deafened a coppersmith, and could not be surpassed by a boxing match. I alternately endeavoured to follow, or to meet my hat, but for a long time without success.

Covered with perspiration, foaming with rage, and almost expiring from heat and exhaustion, I at last succeeded. I did not dare to re-instate my hat on my head, but was forced to grasp it with both hands, in order to save what remained of it, from being again taken from me. I baffled several desperate snatches, one of which carried away the lining, and was now trying to keep the enemy at bay, afraid again to attack the host opposed to me, but not knowing how to

retreat, when a person who had not previously made himself conspicuous, approached, and with what I took for sincere pity whispered, "Really you had better go out," at the same time pointing to a door, which I had not perceived before.

I gained it, and delighted to escape from such a set, rushed forward, breathing as I passed them, in the belief that my emancipation was complete, a fervent prayer for the whole party. I flattered myself, that it was quite safe to take this verbal revenge. They raised an astounding yell. "Howl as you please," said I to myself, "I now defy you. Catch me again if you can."

Such were my thoughts, and I believe that I actually expressed them. I know they were in the course of delivery, when the door of which I have spoken, closed after me; but, before I had closed my speech of resentment and defiance, I found that the latter part of it, was rather premature. Instead of reaching the street, or court, as I expected, and finding myself at liberty, I perceived, with infinite vexation, that I had been betrayed into a prison. I saw myself confined in a stone passage, connected

with a range of small recesses, which were only to be discovered by the aid of a window in the roof, which emitted a " dim religious light," and just enabled me to distinguish the purpose, for which the small apartments near me were designed.

In this beautiful arcade, I was detained, the door having been secured the moment I passed, for more than half an hour; and was really afraid of being kept still longer, as one of my persecutors, who was of a poetical turn, thought proper to announce to me, that I must remain till to-morrow,

> " In these deep solitudes, and *awful cells*,
> Where *heavenly pensive melancholy dwells!*"

I was completely beside myself, at finding how grossly I had been imposed upon. Remembering how greatly the Jews had distinguished themselves in this affair, had I been made an absolute monarch the next day, my reign would have commenced like that of Richard the First, with a general slaughter of the chosen people, and the sighs of Zion would

have been heard in Duke's Place, and through the wide extent of Bevis Marks, St. Mary Axe, and Petticoat Lane.

Right glad was I, when I found myself in the court again. There, I had now the good fortune to meet Mr. Alderton's broker, who, on hearing how I had been dealt with, regretted exceedingly that he had not been present to interpose in my behalf, but assured me that every stranger who found his way there, met with similar treatment. This was rather consoling to me, as I had begun to suspect that it was some offensive peculiarity in my appearance, or deportment, which had called forth the hostility of the gentry "in the house."

I had the good luck to act on the instructions which I had received from Mr. Alderton, so fortunately, that before I had been in the habit of watching the market more than three or four weeks, my principal had gained, or saved twice as many hundreds. A knowledge of this fact gave me a high opinion of myself; and I went to "the court" daily, with increased satisfaction. The grim adventurers, who congregated

there, became less formidable to me than they were at first; and, indeed, I got to be on friendly terms with some of them. A sausage manufacturer, with whom Mr. Mason had been in the habit of dealing for eatables, and paying for them with physic, recognized me; and he introduced me to a glazier, who was also a a regular member of the court, or of the "*Duckery*," as the members of the house, were humourously pleased to style it.

The glazier, who was rather indecorously called Mr. Putty-and-Lead, had made, so Mr. Mason's friend, the sausage maker, told me, large sums by his speculations. When I heard this, I could not help admiring the modest unassuming appearance of the man, who, in the midst of all the opulence of which I had heard, dressed with such primitive simplicity, that, for the whole of his attire, a Jew, supposing one to be found intrepid enough to venture on such a purchase at all, would not have given half a sovereign. His regard for old servants, was affectingly exemplified by the attachment which he manifested for a super-

annuated pair of shoes, which, half dropping from his feet every time he lifted them from the ground, disclosed his naked heels, staring through his stockings, the perfect image of two kidney potatoes.

I was fully convinced that all which the sausage maker had told me, was true, as I had seen him agree to buy ten thousand pounds stock from another gentleman; and to me it appeared to stand to reason, that a man could not think of making such a purchase, unless he had the money ready to pay for it.

In this, I found I was not quite so well informed, as I believed myself to be in most things, for I was presently taught, that what are called "time bargains," did not require the agency of money to make them complete; and that buyers and sellers of tens and twenties of thousands, were not, unfrequently, without a shilling in the world.

Skim made me acquainted with this, and I found that he *did a little business*, as it was called, in Capel Court, as well as our employer. He immediately put me in the way of specula-

ting for myself; and that I might be sure of always being right, he counselled me never to buy, or sell, without consulting Mr. Gaff, the pastry vender, of whom I have already spoken. He, Skim whispered me, from having attended there with his mutton pyes, for twenty years, could always tell which way the market was likely to go. His advice was supported by the opinion of Mr. Mason's acquaintance, who had recently made Mr. Gaff a present of five pounds of sausages, in acknowledgment of a fortunate "*trip*," advised by the pieman. I attached the more importance to these hints, as I saw him, with my own eyes, give one of the brokers a shilling to receive a guinea, if they reached a certain price on the following day; and with my own eyes also, I saw on the morrow that price quoted, and the guinea paid.

I began by betting with a Jew clerk, the price of a new hat, that a fall of three-eighths would take place by the succeeding Wednesday. I won—and, elated with this success, I next ventured to buy two thousand consols of

the glazier. Others, I should here state, were willing to sell me stock, or to buy from me; as, in the first instance, I had found out that being pennyless, interposed no obstacle to buying, so I soon learned, that the circumstance of my having no stock at all, did not make it, in the slightest degree, difficult for me to *sell.*

Still, it may seem strange, that the parties I have mentioned, should be willing to gamble with one so destitute of means, as I was. It can easily be explained. Some of them knew that I was in the employ, and in the confidence of a rich auctioneer, and calculated, that if I had no money of my own to pay my losses, I might have recourse to his. Others considered, that if there were no gain, there would be no loss, as, in the event of my having "to claim" from them, by declining to pay me, (which I could not compel them to do by law,) they would risk no loss of character.

CHAPTER XIII.

I become a monied man, learn to despise poverty and display considerable talent for waggery—Am introduced to a great man—He gives me his advice for nothing, and I pay for it—I act the lover—Am again fortunate, and very much esteemed in consequence—I find my father's friend, a treacherous enemy—Am quite ruined, but have recourse to new schemes for getting up in the world.

My commencement was most flattering. I not only was right in my speculations, but I was enabled to pocket the profit. It so happened, that those with whom I "did business," through several accounts, paid their differences. In a very short time, I became acquainted with all the schemes, and with the language of the place, and could talk most fluently of *contangos*, and *backwardations*. I was continually engaged in *options*, *puts*, and *calls*. Selling or buying five for the *put*, or *call*,

or as many more, grew to me as familiar as A, B, C.

Tens and twenties began to come into my pocket, with such frequency as at once surprised and delighted me. I soon considered myself a person of great importance, and being already worth nearly two hundred pounds myself, I considered that I had a right to speak with unbounded scorn of "people without capital." I embellished my person with a gold watch and a chain, as also four seals, and generally improved on my appearance, which I had before supposed to be very genteel.

Moreover, I became expert in all the small jokes of that place, and fraternity, and delighted in annoying strangers, as I had been formerly annoyed. I could seem to aim at one of my friends, and send the peel of an orange plump into the face of a new comer, and then beg his pardon with a most solemn countenance. If the wall was chalked, or a door-post newly painted, I could manœuvre so, that the stranger's coat should carry off a fair sample of either material; and I could attach a paper tail to the

collar of a grave old *courtier* (this name was sneeringly given by the members of the house, to each of the banditti who promenaded the court without) so adroitly, that he would stalk backwards and forwards for an hour, amidst the winks and grins, of myself and brother waglings, without discovering that any wit had been directed against his solemnity.

Being thus advanced on the road to fortune, a number of persons who witnessed my success, seemed kindly disposed to take me by the hand, and one of them, a slipper merchant, living in the purlieus of Houndsditch, offered to introduce me to a very wealthy Hebrew, the richest jobber of the day, who in consideration of the magnitude of his operations, had been honoured with the magnificent title of the *Great Leviathan.*

Such an introduction, I was assured, would do wonders for me, for the Israelite was so exalted in his notions, that he never refused to give his advice to the most needy adventurers of his own persuasion, or to those whom they introduced to his notice.

I, therefore, most thankfully consented to avail myself of the kind services of the person who offered me so valuable an introduction. As a hint from the Leviathan would, I was told, make my fortune, my hopes were high, and I almost fancied that my fortune had already been made.

During the first months of my acquaintance with the Stock Exchange, Mr. Judas Clencher was on the Continent, engaged in the negociation of a German loan, and I had therefore had no opportunity of knowing him even by sight. When Mr. Japhet Jehoram was about to take me to him, I felt not a little awe at the idea of standing in the august presence of the almost omnipotent being, in whose hands, as I was informed, millions were but as "dust in the balance."

I expected to see a vast deal of diplomatic dignity about the negociator, who was, as I understood, considered good company for statesmen of the highest rank and reputation, and almost hand and glove with Kings. I was rather disappointed when I first saw him,

(lollopping with the easy elegance of a dancing bear, against one of the pillars of the Royal Exchange,) and found that instead of that external display of superior intelligence, which I had calculated upon, he exhibited a fat, broad, beefy countenance, and a pair of lips which would have been admired for their magnitude, even on the banks of the Congo, wearing linen not of the cleanest, and dangling a bunch of keys in his hand, which but for their smallness, would have seemed characteristic, and taken with his face, have furnished a good study for an artist, who wished to try his hand on a turnkey or gaoler.

My friend Japhet, having introduced me as a rising man, and as an ornament to the Stock Exchange, the Leviathan received me with great urbanity, and if his speech had not all the classic polish which I expected, it had about it an air of parental kindness, and warm-hearted affection, which is, in my opinion, a much better thing.

Mr. Jehoram, mentioned to him, that I had a wish to know whether stocks would fall or

rise, and the great man condescendingly advised me in the following words:—

"Young man, for de sake of your vife and children, don't go *pearing:* pe a *pull.* Have you a vife and family? Is it so?"

I answered "not yet."

"Vell den, perhaps you have a fader or moder, or uncle, or cousin. Is it so?"

I bowed, and said, "certainly."

"Or if you have no first cousin,—is it so?—you can look to de second or de tird cousin."

I said I had first cousins.

"But if you had not, I should say attend to de second, and take care of your——"

"Third," I presumed he was about to say, and conceiving that he had not heard me before, I raised my voice to assure him that I had a father—father-in-law at least—a mother, and brothers.

"Vell, for de sake of your fader, your moder, your broders, and your friends, listen to me. Py Got's blessing I will advise you right. Puy stock. I have no interest except to tell de

truth. I and my nine broders, do hold Consols, Reduced, Russian, Prussian, Brazilian, and oders; ve are rich; so ve have no need to sell if dey fall. Ve have no interest, so ve don't care for de little changes made py de pears in de Stock Exchange. Dey tell me von of em sell a hundred tousand and anoder two hundred tousand; but vhat's all dis—dey have no stock. Dey will soon go preak de stones on de roads for deir bread. Ve do not mind de little changes of two or tree per cent., for ve know all de news, of all de Courts of Europe."

Here a young man with a sallow bailiff-like face, suddenly made up to the Leviathan, and whispered, "*Blue Mountains*" had been selling largely, and added, the price of Consols had fallen a quarter.

To my surprise the great man, who did not mind a fall of two or three per cent., here appeared to glow with rage and consternation.

"Tamn his red eyes!" he exclaimed, thus introducing a most sublime German oath, into our language, "*Plue Mountains* selling! Is it

so? He pe tamn'd! Who is he? He cannot sneeze Consols. (I thought he said sneeze. It might be something else.) Run send M—, and S—, to me."

"They are gone," replied his agent, "to the different merchants you named, to let them know, that you are quite sure that stocks must rise."

"Den puy me fifty for de put of more; run, run, I say."

Remembering the perfect indifference, which he had avowed with regard to anything the Stock Exchange could do against himself and his brothers, I was a little surprised at the agitation I remarked, on the news being brought to him that a fall of a quarter per cent. had taken place. In the midst of this apparent alarm, however, he was as kind to me as before, and he tenderly conjured me to take care of my family and friends, saying,

"Run, young man; run puy stock—make your fortune—puy stock—puy stock."

I, of course, lost no time in acting as he directed. Little cause had I to congratulate my-

self on doing so, for the next day I found them two per cent. against me.

Mr. Clencher, I took it for granted, must have sustained a heavy loss. Such, however, was not the case. It so happened that his young agent had *totally misunderstood him*, and instead of buying stock as directed, had operated largely for the fall. By this fortunate *accident*, Mr. Judas gained some thousands, while I, through acting on his advice, was almost ruined.

I ought before to have mentioned, that while my circumstances improved, I took care to exhibit every new accession of finery at Mr. Hill's. His kindness was unabated, but the old man, against whom I had conceived a dislike, was generally there. I had one or two short interviews with Adela, which much inflamed my admiration of her, but I had not resolution enough to tell, what I now more than suspected, that I was in love with her.

Deeply, however, did I feel it, when I learned from Mr. Hill, that he and his family were going to Paris, and calculated on being a twelve-

month from England. Then, I felt disturbed, as I had never been before. I watched for an opportunity of speaking to Adela, resolved to avow my passion. I found the opportunity I sought, allowed it to pass unimproved, and then reproached my folly for so doing, and wished to obtain another. This course, I repeated more than once.

I now resolved to write, but nothing that I could produce met with my own approbation. I do not mean to say, that what I wrote would not have done well enough for another individual in a similar situation, but I considered these productions, though laboured ones, not altogether sufficiently sublime, to go from me. Worn out by ineffectual attempts to write up to my ideas in prose, I bought at last a rhyming dictionary, and bent as I mentally expressed it, " my whole soul to poetry."

Christian charity forbids me to vex the eyes of my readers now, as I did the ears of some of my friends then, with all the tuneful varieties, which were the consequence of this resolution. Though awkward at first, after a little time I

got tolerably expert, and began to manage my "hearts" and "darts," "loves" and "doves," "breath" and "death," with considerable effect. I had made some progress in a poem which I thought beautiful, and which I am of opinion would affect the public not a little, (I shall not specify in what way,) if I were now to publish it, when I found my verses to Adela on her intended departure, must be reserved for her return, as while I was writing the poem, she had left England.

My mother took it into her head, that I was alarmingly ill. Since Mr. Mason's unfortunate business with Jenny, she had never for a moment supposed that one of the male sex could be sick or sorry, but in consequence of some hankering after the other. In this instance she judged rightly, being about the third time she had done so, since I had first the honour of knowing her.

In consequence of her surmise she favoured me with a call to tell me of the sad consequences of imprudent matrimony. This was a favourite topic, and one on which she thought,

and perhaps with some reason, that she was eminently qualified to speak. I suppose the expression of her ideas afforded her some amusement, and so it may not be matter of regret that she did not prefer holding her tongue, but as to the effect of her reasonings on me, I really cannot say much. Though I was then in a sentimental mood, so sincerely did I feel that she was throwing a lecture away, that I could hardly help telling her, she might as well have exhibited her powers by singing a psalm to a coach horse.

I continued my operations in the city, and began to think it necessary for my credit, that I should leave Mr. Alderton. It was my intention to request him to provide himself with some other assistant in my place, when an incident occurred which spared me the trouble.

Shortly after I had commenced jobbing in the funds, I was recognized by my old patron Mr. Chiswell. He civilly offered to do business with me to any amount, and on one occasion I had to claim a profit of one and a half per cent. on 5000*l.*, but when I came to require payment,

I was not a little staggered to find, that according to him I had only gained half the amount, which I supposed to be coming to me. To prove that he was right, and that I was wrong, he shewed me the entry which he had made, and I at once saw that he had altered the fraction at which I bought, from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$. He stormed furiously when I accused him of this trickery, and fiercely demanded to know who I was? and then proceeded to tell what I was, namely, "an auctioneer's lackey," "a doctor's boy," and so forth, to the infinite edification and indescribable delight of some of my *court* friends. He expected thus to put me down completely, but he found himself mistaken. I compelled him to refer the case to a broker, and by establishing the date of the transaction, proved that the price he named could not have been demanded on the day of our bargain, and he was reluctantly compelled to pay.

Immediately after this, my employer hinted to me, that "as I was now an eminent stockbroker, and probably a much richer man than he was, he could not think of wounding my

feelings, by offering me the scanty pittance which, under other circumstances, he had been led to consider, might be a fit remuneration for my services."

The situation was in my eyes, of no importance whatever, and so I took this intimation in good part. At least I affected to do so, though the worthlessness of my place did not at all reconcile me to the manner, in which I found myself turned away.

I continued jobbing with great success, and Skim finding it answered so well in my case, threw up his engagement to embark in the same speculation. He proved as fortunate as myself, and we often congratulated ourselves on the wisdom we had displayed, in exchanging the plodding habits to which we had lately been accustomed, for the glorious vicissitudes of Capel Court.

My prosperity, for I was now worth some thousands, attracted considerable attention. People of rank began to notice me. Mr. Alderton too, became very cordial. He treated me as his equal in all respects, and not unfre



quently requested the honour of my company to dinner.

In those happy days, one very remarkable coincidence often forced itself on my attention. As I accumulated wealth, the affectionate regard of my relations increased, till at last it became very great indeed. My aunt Maxwell indulged in much flattering exultation, on the happy fruits, which, had grown on the timely admonitions she had given me in my younger days. My uncle Peter, recognized in me, all the genius and enterprise of our family, and proudly remarked, that the Godfrey name would not soon be forgotten, and Mr. Mason with a degree of cordial regard, which spoke volumes for the benevolence of his disposition, was as kind to me, as if I had sprung from his own loins, and never failed when speaking of me, to bestow in connection with my name, the endearing appellation of " My son."

Such parental love on his part, produced a corresponding feeling on mine, and I sometimes evinced it by writing him a check for ten or twenty pounds. This prodigiously augmented

the heartfelt esteem, of which I had become the object. For myself, I can say with perfect sincerity, that I had as much reverence for his piety and affection, as I believe him to have had for my superior merit, and surprising genius.

At one of the dinner parties which were given by my former employer, on my account, he paid me some handsome compliments, and expressed his regret, that he should ever have been deceived with respect to my character. I opened my eyes at this, and put on a very sensible look no doubt, but one of considerable embarrassment. This was soon dissipated by his taking me out of the room, and making me acquainted with the fact, that Mr. Chiswell had told him, what he could not forgive himself for having credited, that I had offered to betray the trust reposed in me, by enabling him to transact the most profitable business which from time to time might offer. "His tale," said my late employer, "I am now quite sure was false, and indeed I should never have attended to him for a moment, had he not shewn me part of a letter in your hand writing, which,

perhaps, was a forgery after all." With this preface, he put into my hand the following paragraph.

"Without difficulty I could mention your name to any person, urgent for money, who might make known his wants to me in the absence of Mr. Alderton, I could bring the party to you and if the business were worth doing, we could go through with it and divide the profit, &c."

Of course I instantly recognized part of my letter to Chiswell, which I had written for a purpose not merely different, but positively the direct opposite of that which had been so basely imputed, by the "friend of my father," as the old villain called himself.

My indignation was very great. To Mr. Alderton I stated what had really occurred. I at first determined to prosecute Chiswell for defamation, but after having had time to cool a little, I reflected that if I executed my threat it would appear in all the papers, that I had once been an auctioneer's clerk, a circumstance not a little galling to the great man I had now

become, so I thought it better to let the affair drop. Mr. Alderton was unwilling that Chiswell should know he had shewn me, what had been communicated to him in confidence, and said it was not worth while for me to trouble myself about it. I therefore gave up the idea of seeking redress by law, vented my anger in contemptuous and indignant exclamations, descriptive of the awful things, which under other circumstances, I would certainly have done.

My affairs, which for some time had been in a most thriving state, on a sudden took quite a different turn. I lost hundreds, as fast as I had been in the habit of gaining tens. When I was confident bad news must be in town, the reverse proved to be the fact, and the aspect of things in general, became so cheering, that it almost broke my heart. I could now very well understand the sorrow, with which my late employer had received the tidings of a great victory. Devoted as I was to my country's glory, I was not prepared to pay with exultation, those differences, which were claimed on *account* day, in

consequence of the increasing national prosperity. My patriotism was not so stubborn, but it gave way before the powerful arguments addressed to my pocket. Disaster followed disaster; I had no longer occasion for a banker, and besides finding myself considerably in debt, I was eventually at a loss to find the means of subsistence from day to day. The dream of affluence, in which I had indulged, was no more. My fine seals deserted my watch, but my watch pursued my seals. Month after month I hoped for a change of fortune, but I hoped for it in vain.

Skim had imitated my example, and experienced similar misfortunes. At first I bore up very gallantly. "Never fear," was my cry, "if we have bad luck now, we shall have better another time." I urged other things, not less comfortable in their character, and he received them with great apparent satisfaction, and even good naturedly requited me for some of them, by informing me that it was, "a long lane which had no turning."

We at length found ourselves pennyless.

Our movables had vanished, and our attire began to move. The prospect of recovering what we had lost, became every day more faint. Our poverty was notorious, and few would have anything to do with us, without requiring in the first instance a deposit, which we were not in a condition to offer.

Some few were more accommodating, and we were so fortunate as at last to find ourselves right, and a pay day came on which we had more than a hundred each to receive. We claimed it, but the party who should have attended to answer the claim failed to make his appearance. In the language of that part of the united empire, " he had *waddled*," or " *ducked it*."

Our transports at receiving this intelligence, I shall not attempt to picture. We were both loud in our complaints, and most liberal of reproach. Skim declared that " a rascal like that, deserved hanging if he had a hundred necks. He held such a fellow to be worse than a common thief." Then he added with great feeling—" he only wished he had sooner known,

what gentry he had to deal with, that he might have *waddled* himself, while it would have been worth his while to do so."

I did not go so far as to express myself in this way, but inwardly I felt, it would have been a very comfortable thing to have retained the gains which I had once made, instead of refunding them in consequence of late miscalculations.

We continued to slouch about Capel Court, as much shunned by those who had anything to lose, as a couple of pickpockets. I began to think of absolute starvation and the workhouse, when, one day, Skim came to me with joy beaming in his eyes, and told me it was of no use to fidget and sulk any longer, as all would presently be right with us.

"What do you mean?" said I, and I looked at him with a scrutinising eye, half suspecting that he did not know what he had said.

"Why," said Skim, you see how famously well the joint stock companies have got on, which have lately been started. Now I, having an invention not to be laughed at, have pro-

jected several things of the kind, and mean to bring them out, or at any rate one of them, which alone, will enable us to make a fortune.

I looked rather doubtful on this point. Skim thought it unkind of me, to be thus incredulous where his genius was concerned, and he proceeded to shew me how foolish I was, by unfolding the great designs which occupied his mind. He read some prospectuses which he had prepared for printing. The first spoke of the great loss of time annually incurred by, and the great danger of conflagration which resulted from, the existing practice of making tinder, at home. It eloquently set forth the loss sustained through the carelessness of servants, who were always ready to consign to the tinder-box the first linen article which came to hand, and also the delay in kindling a fire, in the winter season especially, caused by the bad quality of the article when produced, and proceeded to shew, what immense advantages must be realised from the manufacturing of tinder *on scientific principles*, by a joint stock company, both by

the public, and by the shareholders in the projected association.

Skim's next prospectus noticed the evils long universally complained of, arising from the imperfect manner in which mouse-traps were constructed, which had had the effect of compelling housekeepers to maintain a cat, and thus nourish in their houses, one ferocious animal, to drive away others, a practice which after all, was notoriously as inefficient as that of paying a watchman, to check the operations of thieves. A patent had been obtained for a small machine of exquisite construction, which from the peculiar merit of it, would attract the mice to inspect its make, and then without torturing them, detain them by the tail, so that the humanely disposed, might inflict on these little culprits, a less awful punishment than that of death. The compassionate, might thus be spared the affliction, of seeing them barbarously torn to pieces and mocked in their dying agonies by a hard hearted grimalkin. They could devote them to a more agreeable execution, or they might em-

ploy them in a manufactory, or penitentiary, as had been done with great profit by Mr. David Hatton, in his thread mill at Dunfermline, who had already realised a large fortune by the well-directed labours of these animals. When Skim had got thus far, I certainly thought I had wronged his genius. Two such sensible projects appeared to me, worthy of serious consideration, but his third was the best of all.

This, told in singularly elegant phraseology, in which, by the bye, I found he had been assisted by Mr. Ardent, a celebrated poet, that the ignorant Turkish barbarians, who had too long lorded it over the classic soil of Greece, had never possessed the skill or the industry to seek the boundless wealth which it appeared from writers of the greatest authenticity, as well as antiquity, the celebrated mines of *Yetromkey* and *Kurdiokoph*, were known to contain. The rich wines, formerly made in their vicinity, and the olive groves, which clothed the sides of the *Peneus*, as well as its *towering summit*, had been equally neglected. The prospectus then

went on to say, that permission had been granted by the Greek government at Napoli di Romania, to an English merchant, to do all that the Turks and the Greeks under their dominion had left undone, and therefore it proposed to form an association, to engage in this profitable toil, to be called " the Gold, Wine, and Olive Joint Stock Company."

So magnificent a title was a great thing, but supported, as it was, by the fine sounding names of Yetromkey and Kurdiokoph, and the towering summit of the *Peneus*, (which I did not then understand was a river,) the scheme seemed perfectly irresistible, and I warmly applauded Skim's performance, as I supposed it to be, for he did not tell me that Mr. Ardent had a share in it, as warmly as he did himself.

When I began to ask, at what rate of expense, the operations contemplated in the prospectus could be carried on, he frankly acknowledged, that on that subject, he was totally ignorant. But he added, " this mattered not.

Enough was stated to humbug the public, and run the shares up to a good premium, and his views went no further."

I started some conscientious scruples, which went to call in question the honesty of the proposed experiment, but he presently demonstrated, that, in this respect, his scheme was quite as unexceptionable as other speculations which he named, and which numbered among their projectors and supporters, scores of persons, who were considered most respectable, most patriotic, and in fact, models of private worth, and public virtue, and who were for ever talking of their own disinterestedness. At the same time, he made it appear that the speculation would be immensely profitable to us, so of course I had not another word to say.

The plan was good, of this we were quite satisfied, and the only question now was, how to start it. This for a time puzzled us. We however got a respectable speculator in the court, a tradesman, in the pastry line, I mean Mr. Gaff, the pieman, who was generally ho-

noured with the genteel appellation of "the tart builder," to lend us a hand. He saw the excellence of the project, and undertook to recommend it to his customers, and even to take an active part in bringing it out.

CHAPTER XIV.

We get an office, for which the landlady gets no rent—Several Members of Parliament join us—An alarming accident occurs, which, however, is not attended with fatal consequences—The M.P.'s prove very clever in matters of finance.

SKIM had made everything so clear, that I was now quite confident of making my fortune in a little time.

We had some difficulties to encounter, from the exhausted state of our treasury. Regular income we had none, and our speculations had lately brought nothing to console us for this circumstance. The catalogue of our household goods, presented but two tooth-brushes, a comb, a boot-jack, a wash-hand basin, and a looking-glass. A friend of Skim's, who lived in Chancery-lane, had recently sustained a great loss; two coats and a considerable quantity of other apparel, having been stolen while he was from

home. The folly of leaving property thus exposed, Skim often censured. But for this unfortunate affair, he said his friend's wardrobe would have been at our command. Such accidents were in our case, effectually guarded against, as we carried all we had about our persons.

The first thing to be done, was to engage genteel apartments to serve for an office. Skim had address enough to manage that. We had then to look out for furniture to put in it, which was a matter not easily got over. The pieman was in this instance of great service. He advanced half a dozen cane-bottomed chairs for the concern, and a flat board on a frame, which had once served his wife for an apple-stall. Skim fitted it up, with considerable neatness and success, by covering it with a piece of old green baize, which he picked up at a sale for eighteen pence. He thus made the apple-stall look something like a desk, and it served for a table—an article of furniture, by the bye, for which we had no great use, at that moment, at least in the dining way.

Having accomplished so much, and besides obtained a respectable looking inkstand, two quires of foolscap, (outsides,) and a hundred Bank pens—that is, pens understood to have been used at the Bank, but capable of being made as good as new by mending, we considered our affairs in a very improving state.

But what I was most afraid of, was, that we should not be able to make out a good list of Directors. Our friend the pieman declined giving us the benefit of his name, on the ground of his being a public character, as he anticipated that some of the rabble of the court, who could not pay him for the pastry they bought of him, would be likely to dub our scheme "The Mutton-pie Joint-stock Company," which he thought would be rather against the undertaking. It was however distinctly understood, that Mr. Gaff was to have a hundred shares, of one hundred pounds each, and to participate in all the profits of the Directors, for the part he had taken in bringing the Company out.

Skim had no objection to his name appearing in our prospectus. I was rather disposed

to be put on the same footing with Mr. Gaff, but my friend insisted that I should be in the list, because he considered that my three names, a couple of them being such grand ones too, would give the thing an air of real importance.

It was therefore resolved that our advertisements should issue, under the auspices of "Julius Cæsar George Godfrey, Esq."

Though it has not often happened, that I have been censured for undervaluing my own importance, I did not exactly see of what great use my name, magnificent as it is, could be to our prospectus, being at that time wholly unknown.

I hinted this to Skim, but he said it was nothing at all against my name, that it was not known who I was. He certainly was right.

"But names of greater weight," said I, "are wanting."

"I know it," Skim replied; "but I mean to speak to Screw the member."

"What!" I exclaimed, "can we get an M.P.?"

"To be sure we can. Screw is already

Director, or auditor, of thirty other companies, but I warrant he will be glad enough to come into our scheme, if he thinks he can get a shilling by it."

"Well, but if he is engaged with so many others, what time can he have to do anything for us?"

"Why, you talk," said Skim, "as if we had any real business to transact. All we have to do is to puff our shares up to a premium, humbug the public into buying them, and then let the whole concern go to ruin."

"Do you really think the public will buy the shares?"

"To be sure I do. I expect to get Lord Looby into our list of Directors."

"What, another member?"

"Yes, and the son of an Earl. I have spoken to him already; indeed, to tell you the truth, the thing having somehow got wind, he hunted me out, and positively begged to have his name put down."

I considered this to be glorious news, but more remained behind, for Skim added, that

Claptrap, who formerly made a fortune in connection with some of the theatres, and who for his speeches in Parliament against the measures of Ministers, passed for one of the best fourth rate patriots of the day, had also given us the benefit of his patronage. That, Skim remarked, was a point of great importance, because Mr. Peter Claptrap was a regular thick and thin man, and had the bravery to declare in Parliament on all occasions, that every twopenny bubble concern, with which he interfered, was equal in solidity and capital, to the Bank of England.

Matters being in this promising situation, we already exulted in our success, and called a meeting of the *Board*. We had been so much occupied, that we had hardly noticed how time slipped away, and on the day when the Board was to meet, the mistress of the house appeared to claim a month's rent. It was signified to me, while, assisted by Skim, I was seated at the apple-stall, preparing resolutions to be submitted to the Directors. The month had expired the preceding day, and Skim, who had

calculated, that by that time the shares would be out, had readily promised Mrs. M'Manus, that, as she preferred that course, her rent should be paid monthly.

Her demand was a serious affair. Our office was to pay an annual rent of one hundred pounds, and consequently the demand for a month was for no less than 8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, which was at the time a serious thing for a joint stock company like ours, and would indeed have been for many others which I could name.

"The Devil take the old woman," said Skim, "for her punctuality; but, however, we are not going to stand any of her nonsense. We have got in, and she can't easily get us out. If she kicks up a row, it will be awkward to-day, as I have got but fifteen shillings in the world, while the whole of your bullion, I believe, has been added to the circulation out of doors."

I admitted this to be the fact.

"Why then," said he, "as I engaged with her, I had better not make my appearance, so do you go, and tell her that I am out of town, that the payments of the company are generally

made by the quarter; but her claim, if she wishes it, shall be specially laid 'before the Board.' This formidable phraseology will pacify her for the present, and by next month, if we have no cash ready, we can get up another story for her."

I, accordingly, saw Mrs. M'Manus, and did as Skim directed.

At first, I found her very impracticable; and when I had made the plausible speech which Skim had suggested, she answered, that "it was no use telling her a cock and a bull story. Her money she had come for, her money she wanted, and her money she must have."

I replied, that, "as the company proposed to settle all accounts quarterly, it had been considered that her claim was to be satisfied with the rest."

"But," said Mrs. M'Manus, "I was to be paid monthly, and an agreement is an agreement."

There Mrs. Mac Manus had me. That an agreement was an agreement, I could not deny. I, however, said, that it had not been thought

of, but, if she pleased, I would lay her application before the Board.

Mrs. M'Manus, upon this, exclaimed, with some animation—

"Before the Board, indeed! Don't tell me of the Board—what do I know about the Board? Come, come, you are not going to bother me;" meaning that she was not to be put off.

But when I proceeded to explain, that the Board would meet on that very day, that Lord Looby, M.P. Mr. Screw. M.P. and Mr. Peter Claptrap, M.P. would be there, together with other persons equally respectable, she thought it prudent to lower her tone, and speedily ran her voice all down the gamut. From obstreperous rudeness, she descended to persuasive earnestness—from that, she sank to polite confidence in the honour of the parties—and, at last, by talking of the great things the company were going to do, and hinting that some of the shares, which would be of immense value, might be secured for her, if she applied in time;—by these means, I say, I so completely succeeded in civilizing her, that she

begged my pardon for having made so bold as to call, dropped me a hundred curtsies, and took her departure, assuring me, that "the money which she so lately wanted, and declared she must have, was not of the slightest consequence, and she was, for her part, in no hurry, not the least."

Thus far, all was well: but, nevertheless, this visit had nearly been attended with serious, not to say fatal consequences. I saw Mrs. M'Manus to the street, with great ceremony, and convulsed with laughter. After her exit, I attempted to bound up stairs, to invite Skim to share my mirth. In that moment, I heard an awful sound, and perceived, with infinite dismay, that half the lower part of my coat, detained by the closing of the door, had been nearly detached from the main body of the garment, by the energetic attempt which I had made to re-ascend. We were not a little puzzled to determine what ought to be done on this occasion. To attend the Board in that coat, we voted impossible. Such an exhibition, I supposed, would have induced Lord Looby,

and the other members of the Senate, to withdraw from the concern at once. That was, perhaps, a vain fear, as those important personages, it has since appeared, might sometimes be found in shabbier associations.

My alarm was very great. The coat on my back was disabled for the day, and I had no second to supply its place. Skim was in the same predicament—that is, he had no plurality of coats; and as to buying a new one—that was a measure which we could not think of, in our then situation.

Skim suggested, when I told him how I had talked over the landlady, that the best thing I could do, would be to borrow the price of a new coat from Mrs. M'Manus. But I had not courage enough to make that experiment, even if I had had a coat to make it in.

We resolved again to have recourse to the pieman. He, after some hesitation, consented to lend me his Sunday coat, till mine could be mended and *fine-drawn*. Mr. Gaff could not leave his business at that hour, to go to his garret, in Long Alley. Skim, however, waited

on the pieman's wife, and returned with the article, before the arrival of any of our grand friends. The coat was too large for me;—when attired in it, I looked something like a performer in a country wake, prepared to exhibit his powers, by running in a sack. But awkward as this was, upon the whole, I was glad to find myself in such tolerable plight, at the hour when the Board was to assemble.

That august body actually met. We called Lord Looby to the chair, and he accordingly seated himself, with all due formality, at the upper end of the apple-stall. Some very grave conversation took place respecting the mines, vines, fisheries, and olive groves, of Greece. Several of the company spoke, with such apparent knowledge of the subject, that I really began to believe the plan was substantially a good one, and to chuckle at the idea, of my having been so fortunate as to get a hundred shares in so promising a concern. It was resolved, that the shares should be issued forthwith. Five Members of Parliament, out of forty who had offered to join us, were added to

the Directory. They were in waiting, and on being elected, were instantly called in, and took their seats, so many of them as could find chairs, at the Board. One M.P., before he had been with us five minutes, rose to submit a motion to the meeting, which he was sure all present would feel most essential to the future prosperity of the concern—namely, that the Directors, should each, receive, for their services, the annual sum of two hundred pounds.

There was a good deal of clapping when this resolution was announced, which was instantly seconded by Mr. Screw. I myself thought it a sensible proposition, and was prepared to hold up my hand in its favour; and Skim could hardly sit at the apple-stall, from the joyous agitation which it had excited in him. Mr. Claptrap, however, to the astonishment of most of us, begged to differ from the honourable gentleman, who had just sat down. He thought, in the infancy of the Company, it would be better not to vote ourselves any yearly incomes, as a knowledge of that fact might prevent the shares from going to a

premium. To him, it appeared better, that the Directors should receive two guineas for each attendance. This, he thought, would be less objected to by the subscribers, while it would answer the purpose of the Directors quite as well.

Mr. Claptrap's amendment, as we called it, was agreed to.

Having settled this matter, Mr. Claptrap next advised, in order that all the affairs of the Company might be kept in exact order, that we should proceed to have an *audit*. Four of the Directors, who were also appointed auditors *pro tem*, accordingly proceeded to perform this necessary duty. The expenditure since the last preparatory meeting, had amounted to eighteen shillings, I may say almost nineteen, as two pecks of coals were afterwards put down to the charge for this week. For going into these details, the auditors, of which Mr. Claptrap was one, only claimed one guinea each, which was to be paid out of the first receipts for the shares.

The Board then adjourned. Lord Looby,

Mr. Claptrap, and their senatorial friends, were in raptures at the promising appearance of the concern, and I and Skim, delighted to have got on so well, as soon as they retired, sat down, with two other honourable Directors, to a comfortable dinner, on a pound and a half of boiled flank of beef, which Skim had brought from Long Alley, when he went to fetch the pieman's coat, two pennyworth of pickled cabbage, and a pot of porter



CHAPTER XV.

The Shares come out, and greatly enrich me and Skim—A new speculation resolved upon, in consequence of which I proceed to Greece—Cockney criticisms on a classic feast—I stumble on Mr. Haversham's trial.

THE shares came out, and sanguine as Skim had been, the result threw no disgrace on his judgment. Indeed to say the truth, all our expectations were more than realised. The town was share mad, and the applications were so abundant, that ten times the number we had proposed to issue, would not have sufficed to answer the demand. The consequence was, they soon rose to thirty pounds per share premium, and then it was, that finding them such really good things, I and my brother Directors, in order to accommodate those who had till now been unable to participate in the advantages offered by the "Gold, Wine and Olive Joint

Stock Company," sold out our shares, pocketed the premium, and withdrew from the concern.

The part I took in distributing the shares, had caused me when they were about to make their appearance, to receive many visits from persons of consequence. Among the rest, my old friend, Mr. Chiswell, from the great regard which he had for my father, came as smirkingly, and as cordial as ever to obtain shares. I was tempted to give the old scoundrel a refusal, and to lecture him on his former treachery. It however occurred to me, that the example he would set, from his reputed skill in money matters, would raise the character of the concern. I therefore favoured him with twenty. He overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude, and promised never to forget the obligation. To say the truth, he had some reason to remember it, for I had the pleasure of seeing him still a holder, when after paying twenty pounds on each share, in compliance with calls, they had fallen to eighteen discount.

Having done so well with our Joint Stock Company, there were many who looked up to

Skim and myself, as persons vastly well acquainted with everything connected with Greece, and it now occurred to my friend, that by negociating a loan for the service of the Greeks, we might prodigiously improve our good fortune. To do the thing in style, he maintained it was necessary that somebody should go to Napoli di Romania to treat with the Greek authorities, to whom he rightly conjectured, the prospect of obtaining a considerable sum of money from England, would not be other than acceptable.

After much debate, it was resolved that I, and another jobber, a Mr. Betterton, should visit Greece, and either prevail upon some native with a good fine sounding name, to accompany us to England, or arrange so, that one of us should personate such a character.

A subscription purse was formed, to defray the expense of our mission, and my instructions were delivered to me in form. According to these, I was to get a knowledge of the most active individuals at Napoli di Romania, and, if possible, procure credentials from them, authorising the raising of a loan for the service

of Greece. I was especially directed to let my beard and mustachios grow, so that if I judged it expedient to return as a Greek, I might look the character well, or at least appear something formidably outlandish, which would do for the Stock Exchange, as the wiseacres there, were not likely, if this point were well managed, to suspect who it really was, or to recognise their old acquaintance, under the title, and in the disguise of a Greek Deputy.

These matters being all properly arranged, we soon set sail for Greece. An itinerary of my voyage; an account of my first sensations at sea, and the joy with which I saw my voyage completed, are topics too common place to be dilated upon. It is enough to state, that without experiencing any remarkable accidents, I safely reached Malta, to which it had been arranged that we should first proceed. We rested there but two days, before we sailed for Corfu. It was on a Saturday that we embarked, and early on the Wednesday morning, we were safely anchored in the Bay of the place last named. From Corfu, passing along the shores of Albania,

and also passing Santa Maura, and Cephalonia, we soon saw Zante. There we made no stay, but the same day crossed over to Clarenza.

The captain kindly introduced to our notice, just before we landed, a youth, a native of Greece, who, he said, understood English. In this we considered ourselves very fortunate, and only regretted that we had not made his acquaintance sooner. His name alone made him a treasure to us, for he was called Ajax Patroclus.

My partner in this embassy, was a pleasant companion. He had passed the whole of his life in London, and had no idea that a man who had money, travel where he might, could for a moment be at a loss for all those comforts, which the wealthy have at command in the British metropolis.

"Now, my dear boy," cried Mr. Betterton, as we stepped on shore at Clarenza, "after all our perilous voyages, thank Heaven we are safe in Greece. Let us proceed to business forthwith, behave like good fellows to ourselves, and have a dinner to begin."

I remarked that it was certainly adviseable to dine, but I thought we ought to make inquiry, without loss of time, about the means of getting on to Napoli di Romania.

"That's true," said he, and then addressing himself to our interpreter, he proceeded, "will you be so good, Mr. Ajax Patroclus, as to send the waiter of the first hotel we reach, to the mail coach office, and take three inside places, to Napoli di Romania?"

The interpreter stared, but made no reply.

My friend proceeded—

"I say, have places secured in the mail. You understand me, of course—you know what the mail is?"

"O yez—yez," replied the interpreter, "the male is not female."

"That is not what I mean; it is the Napoli di Romania mail, that I am talking about."

The interpreter made my friend comprehend, that he was not at all understood, and thereupon Betterton applied himself to describe the sort of accommodation which he coveted. His mind was soon set at rest, and it was proved to

his perfect satisfaction, that a mail coach had never yet been seen in those parts.

"Then take us to a good hotel."

The interpreter was again at fault.

"A tavern, I mean—that is, an inn. Zounds! take us to a house, where we can get something to eat."

In his last speech, he had the good fortune to find, that he succeeded in making his meaning known. Ajax promised to take us where we should get well supplied, with every thing we could wish for. My friend rejoiced exceedingly at this news, for he had supposed himself most peculiarly unfortunate, in stumbling on such indifferent accommodation as we had found, where we had previously landed, and which he said he would not have put up with, if the early sailing of the ship, had not precluded him from looking out for a respectable inn, which, he took it for granted, must exist in the neighbourhood.

It was satisfactory to me, to hear our guide announce so confidently, that all we could desire might instantly be had. He conducted us to a

house, at a short distance from the shore, and we entered it, rejoicing that we had so soon reached our inn.

We found that it contained but a single apartment. In the centre, on the clay floor, there was a wood fire, the smoke from which, partly from the wood being green, and partly from the absence of a chimney, made it difficult to see much of the other contents of the house. When this impediment to sight abated, and the smoke had partially made its exit, through the apertures which divided the tiling above, there was but little to be discovered. We perceived that our seat must be the ground, which, at the same time, was to serve for our table. Several ragged wretches were lying, or squatting, round the fire. The carpets, which had been used by them as beds, appeared at the further extremity of this cheerless abode; and on these, some cooking utensils were carelessly thrown. A wine barrel, a sort of basket, lined with clay, so as to make it water tight, and a few wooden flagons, completed the stock of useful and ornamental furniture, there deposited.

My colleague was not a little disconcerted at what he saw. He turned up his nose with unaffected disgust, at the place, and shrunk with horror, from any chance of sustaining the touch of its inmates. I reproved him for manifesting so much scorn, and dislike, at the commencement of our career, but must confess, though I tried to admire the votaries of liberty, I could not help feeling that there was a superabundance of filth, and that the Greeks would have appeared quite as interesting, if they had not manifested such heroic disregard of every thing like European cleanliness.

"Well!" said my companion, "I hope we shall not long be condemned to the luxuries of this hotèl. Zounds, what a sty this is! An English hog, would grunt at being stived up for half an hour, with the vermin who infest this rascally crib. Ajax Patroclus, what the devil did you bring us here for?"

Ajax Patroclus was not sufficiently master of the English language, to understand more than half of this speech. He, however, made out by the shrugs, and the distortions of Bet-

terton's features, that he was not altogether delighted with the aspect of the scene before him, and he exerted himself to prove that he was not to blame, as the excellent cheer to be met with there, had influenced his choice.

My friend was a good deal appeased at hearing that, but his scruples and misgivings were renewed, when the dinner was spread before him, on the ground. Though he had not passed all his youthful days in the lap of affluence, he was not philosopher enough to consider table, cloth, knives and forks, wholly superfluous; little in request, as such unconsidered trifles evidently were, on the classic ground which it was now his fortune to tread.

But hunger began to reconcile him to what, at first, startled him; and not caring to seem particular, he prepared to squat down with the other inmates of the hotel. He doubled up his limbs as well as he knew how, and then suffering the heavier part of his person to descend rather too abruptly, his joints gave a crack, which made him bound from the ground again, suspecting that he had sustained some

irreparable injury. His fears were soon quieted in this respect, and he resumed the favourite oriental attitude, resolved to subdue, or disguise his vexation and displeasure, at least, till he had dined.

"This," said he to me, "is not exactly as we have it, at Terry's, or Cuff's, or Kay's, when we are in London; but it will do to talk of when we get back, and so, while we are here, we have nothing left for it, but to accommodate ourselves to the customs of the country."

"Certainly," said I, "it is as well to submit with a good grace, to what we cannot avoid."

"To be sure, but look how the dirty gipsey vagabond opposite, is dipping his poisonous paws into that bowl or pan of soup, or whatever it may be. Ajax Patroclus, what have you there?"

The information craved by my friend, was in this instance promptly supplied, and Ajax Patroclus announced with an air of national pride, that the delicate preparation to which he was about paying his compliments, was a most exquisite *dish of snails*.

"A dish of snails!" vociferated Betterton,

springing from the earth in great consternation. "A dish of snails for dinner! Zounds, what next? Is there a spider pie to follow?"

Ajax Patroclus, represented to my friend that if he did not approve of the fare set before him in the first instance, something else, equally good, and perhaps more to his taste, would soon be forthcoming. I reminded him of the necessity which existed for paying some respect to the customs of the country, however strange they might appear, and withal hinted, what an excellent thing the dish before him, would be to talk about, when we got back to Capel-court.

This last argument, which it will be remembered was his own, he considered to be one of some weight, and he prepared to resume his place on the ground, when a bench was unexpectedly brought forward, together with a small dirty table. I must own, I was not a little pleased, at seeing these articles of furniture. Our host, speedily, by direction of Ajax Patroclus, put a second mess before us. This consisted of boiled rice, mixed with sour curds, and eggs

fried in olive oil, with chopped leeks, spinage, and sorrel.

Betterton attacked this dish with some vivacity, but presently began to make wry faces. He, however, picked out some pieces of egg, which he swallowed with an air, in which resolution and vexation were oddly blended.

The Greeks studied his physiognomy, and perceived that as yet they had not hit his taste, and so resolved, once for all, to prove their superiority in gastronomical matters; they now treated us with a dish of *cairare*, which they expected we should acknowledge to be truly excellent. Betterton unfortunately, was so hard to please, that the moment he found out it was mainly composed of the entrails of salmon, he flung away from it with an expression of disdain, declaring that such food, would turn the stomach of an English dog.

He began to despair of making a tolerable meal, when a stewed fowl was introduced to our notice, and my friend, on seeing this, returned to the charge, indignantly commenting on the

stupidity which had omitted to bring a dish which was really tolerable, in the first instance. Pressing his spoon on the breast of the bird, and seizing a leg with his thumb and finger, he easily detached it, and helping himself to what appeared to be seasoning, rather liberally, he proceeded to introduce a portion of it to his mouth, with great eagerness. The moment he had done so, he seemed thunderstruck—his jaws moved suspiciously, and then came another pause. He looked right and left, as if he expected to detect a malicious laugh at his expense, and ruefully fixed his eyes on me without speaking.

"What is the matter?" said I. "Does not the fowl please you?"

He plucked up a spirit, and swallowed the mouthful, which he had been engaged with for the last two minutes, staring at the same time, as if astonished at his own temerity.

"What is the matter?" I again demanded with an air of friendly anxiety, which I meant to be very soothing.

"Curse their cookery!" he replied. "Upon

my soul the rascals have stuffed their stewed fowl with *plum pudding*."

I could not help laughing at this explanation, which was so much at variance with the tragical horrors for which I was prepared. Though the mixture of poultry and pudding was not exactly what we could have preferred, we conquered our prejudices, so far as to appease our hunger with it, washing the whole down with Samian wine, which I had resolution enough to declare I liked, in order to show that I was not deficient in classical *taste*, though my taste by the way, would have been in great danger of failing me, had a pint of British small beer come within my reach.

Figs, dates, and oranges, were afterwards supplied. While we were engaged with our dessert, I perceived a book lying on the ground at a little distance. I took it up, and on opening it, found it to be an English magazine. Its pages afforded me some amusement, but one article powerfully arrested my attention, and I could not but regard the coincidence which so unexpectedly threw it in my way, as not a little

remarkable. It was a copious account of the trial of Mr. Haversham, with manuscript additions to the speech, which he had made in his defence.

CHAPTER XVI.

I read Mr. Haversham's trial, and approve of the result of it—An awkward accident occurs—I meet very unexpectedly with an Englishman, to whom I try to recommend myself by my eloquence, but experience a miserable disappointment.

My friend had become drowsy, after concluding his dinner, and was now disposed to indulge in a little sleep. He accordingly stretched himself on the ground, in imitation of some of his neighbours, and having bestowed a few laudatory comments on the hard substitute for a sofa on which he reclined, he closed his eyes, and forgot the absence of English accommodation, of which he had before had but too much cause to complain.

I felt no disposition to do as he did. The book which I had found, was an object of sufficient interest to keep me waking. For several months I had wished to read the trial of Mr.

Haversham, and had inquired for it at many shops, but in vain. Now, I ran over it with great avidity, nor withdrew my eyes from the book, till I had read every word in it relating to that remarkable individual, whose history had, through various circumstances, been frequently the subject of my thoughts.

The evidence given on his trial, for the murder of his wife, was wholly circumstantial. At times I was inclined to think that it justified suspicion, but his defence seemed to me very powerful, and the disregard of personal suffering which he expressed at the close of it, made a strong impression on my mind.

"The witnesses," said he, "have proved, not that I ever acted harshly, or had cause to act harshly by the deceased, but that certain incidents occurred, indifferent in themselves, and only suspicious, from the connection which ingenuity, I will not say malice, has been pleased to supply. It is in proof, that I manifested the warmest affection; it is therefore inferred, that I hated. I appeared to love, and therefore it has been supposed that I cherished the fury of a

fiend. Because I manifested the affection of a man, it is conjectured that I was induced to destroy the beloved and honoured being, whom it was my sacred duty to protect. Bereft as I am, mournfully bereft, of that object which constituted my happiness, for myself, I could be indifferent as to the consequences of your decision, but for the sake of those who may have the affliction to bear my name, I consider it my duty to deny guilt, which is abhorrent to my nature, and therefore do I stand up before you this day, to refute the inconsistent, inconclusive evidence which you have heard, to repel disgrace, rather than to elude punishment."

His examination of the evidence I thought masterly, and I perfectly concurred in the verdict of not guilty, which the jury pronounced.

It was not till I had finished reading the trial, that I began seriously to inquire how it had come there? Ajax Patroclus, at my request, asked some questions on the subject, but all the answer he could obtain was, that it had been thrown away by an English traveller.

Mr. Betterton now awaking, we resolved

to set forward without delay. As it is my intention shortly to publish our travels, in two volumes quarto, enriched with my reflections, and adorned with my portrait, I shall here say but little in description of the places through which we passed, save where they connect themselves with our personal adventures. My friend, having made inquiries after all the vehicles he could name or describe, and found that hackney coach, cabriolet, gig, and cart, were not more easily to be obtained, than the mail, was at last obliged to make up his mind to go forward on foot. A horse to carry our baggage was not to be procured, but three Greeks undertook to be the bearers of it to Gastouni, for which place, accompanied by Ajax Patroclus, we forthwith set out.

On our way, we found ourselves on the banks of a river, which we soon learned from our interpreter was the *Peneus*. Betterton and myself exchanged some knowing looks at this moment, recollecting that this river had been described as a mountain, in our famous prospectus, and swallowed as such by the sensible and in-

telligent British public. Before we could enter Gastouni, it was necessary to ford the river. The necessity for doing so, rather annoyed me, and this being perceived by one of our attendants, he civilly offered to carry me across. I accordingly took my place on his shoulders, but had little reason to felicitate myself on obtaining such accommodation, as he lost his balance before he had advanced a yard, and I was precipitated head foremost into the water.

I scrambled out, and much regretted my lack of Greek, which rendered me incapable of acknowledging the favour I had just received. Such being the case, I bestowed my benediction on the author of my late downfal, in English, and proceeded to shake my ears, and to expel the water from my garments as well as I could.

The accident was vexatious. In the first place I never was partial to bathing with my clothes on, and in the next we were just entering a town, in which it was desirable to make some display of diplomatic state, and I deemed it rather unfavourable to the success of our

mission, that I, one of the deputies from England, and as we gave out, "one of the representatives of all the British people," had to make my appearance before the Astynomos, or Governor, in such plight, as was to my own thinking most *outré*. The feeling I had on the subject, made bad worse, and Betterton remarked with more frankness than courtesy, "that I went sneaking into Gastouni, with the air of a stock exchange *duck*."

But this circumstance, awkward as it was, did not prevent the Astynomos from giving us, in consideration of our quality, a very courteous reception. We were politely invited to walk up a ladder, which lifted us above the lower floor of a house, that boasted of a second, and which was therefore deemed a very superior abode. Here were two apartments, the one a kitchen, the other "contrived a double debt to pay," an office by day, and a bed-chamber by night.

I directed the interpreter to mention the accident which had befallen me, in order to apologize for my dishabille. The Astynomos kindly excused it, and was pleased to direct one of his



officers to accommodate me with some dry clothes. The person to whom he signified this wish, prepared to obey, by taking off for my use the dress which he himself wore. At least he was beginning to do so, when I stopped him by most peremptorily declaring, that he should not be put to such inconvenience on my account. I thought it right to shew that I was no stranger to politeness, but I must add, the unclean appearance of the man, and the *populous* state of his attire, contributed not a little, to fortify me in my good manners.

The incident, unpromising as it was, did not lower my consequence, as I was afraid it would. Though the general disorder of my apparel, produced by that catastrophe, might in the first instance detract from my natural dignity, it tended to raise me in the estimation of some of my Greek acquaintances, who were astonished at finding that I had two entire suits with me. Of such affluence, more than one of them, had never before had an idea. My baggage was brought up, and having obtained permission to make the kitchen my dressing-room, in a few

minutes, I adjusted my personal affairs to my own satisfaction, and presented myself to the Astynomos, in a garb which I felt persuaded would give him a proper idea of my importance.

It is not necessary to dwell on the then state of politics in Greece; on the questions I asked; and the answers I received. It is sufficient to state, that so far as our conversation went, every thing that transpired was most favourable to our mission, and the Astynomos made my heart right glad, by giving me the strongest assurances, that his government was extremely well disposed to borrow money.

Mr. Betterton remarked, to have ascertained this, was a great point gained.

"Yes," said I, "certainly."

So both of us, felt our minds very much at ease.

But if we had taken into our consideration what were the chances of any sums advanced being ever repaid, I am not sure, supposing ourselves to be interested in the matter, that we should have rested quite so well satisfied.

When we looked at the ruined houses, in the grass grown streets of Gastouni, and at its scanty and ragged inhabitants, we could collect from the view no images of opulence, to promise regular dividends to the holders of the stock, we proposed to create.

Being now on classic ground, I resolved to look about me. I walked through every part of the town, and inspected the ruins created by the irrational fury of the Greeks, who had wilfully razed to the ground, a number of houses, because they had formerly been the dwellings of their enemies, the Turks.

I had silently approached a spot thus distinguished, musing on the singular character of the solitude which prevailed, and wondering at the madness of those to whom I had been sent, when on a sudden, I heard what seemed an echo of my own reflections, break the profound stillness, which had prevailed.

"How senseless! how insane!" a voice solemnly exclaimed, "is the wrath of man! Behold on this spot"——

Just then a pistol, which I had carried in a belt passed round my person, happened to fall. The person who had spoken, and who had not suspected any stranger was within ear shot, started at the noise, and turning round, perceived me. A youth in Turkish costume stood a few paces distant. To this individual, he now called in a tone, which I thought was remarkably at variance with the sentiment he had just expressed.

"Vile and refractory boy—come hither. Said I not, I would not have thee wander. Come hither, Selim, or severe chastisement shall teach obedience."

Selim started, and looked as much surprised as his master had been, at perceiving me. He spoke not, but his eyes seemed to expostulate with his angry superior, who on a sudden recollecting himself, muttered something in a language which I could not understand, but which I guessed to be an eastern tongue. The youth made no reply, but the indignation of the man, was too great to be relieved by mere

words, and he struck the young Turk a blow, which from his staggering under it, appeared to have almost felled him to the ground.

I felt rather nettled at what I saw. It was no novelty to meet with a philosopher preaching up forbearance, a slave to intemperance. Such exhibitions are common in England, but the harshness I witnessed, was peculiarly offensive, in one, who standing on classic ground, seemed to proclaim that the associations of the spot, had lifted his ideas and contemplations almost to the sublime.

And feeling thus, I should have ventured to censure what had struck me so forcibly, if surprise had not for some moments, deprived me of speech, on perceiving that the individual I was on the point of accosting, was no other than Mr. Haversham.

His eyes were fixed on my countenance, and no doubt he could there see the indignation of which he was the cause. I almost expected that he would recognize me, for one of the former intruders on his grounds. This however was not likely. A considerable period had

elapsed since that intrusion. I was with him but a short time, my face and figure had since been somewhat matured, my complexion bronzed, and more than that, my face was completely veiled by the beard and mustachios, which I had acquired.

He scrutinized my features, and I did as much by his, but I saw nothing to induce a suspicion that he had any recollection of our having met before.

"Are you English, sir?" he inquired.

"I am, sir."

"I suspected as much," he replied, "but only suspected it;" he added, with a look which reproachfully told me, the outlandish way in which my face was disfigured, made it no easy thing to guess at my country.

My attention was fixed on the boy, who, notwithstanding the severity with which he had recently been treated, had no appearance of repining about him, but stood curiously gazing at me. Though his complexion was exceedingly dark, there was a degree of intelligence and even beauty in his countenance, which interested me

for him, and made me secretly condemn more strongly than before, the great unkindness with which he had been treated.

And Mr. Haversham was not slow to prove, that he very well understood what was passing in my mind.

"You saw me strike the boy just now," said he, "and doubtless you thought I dealt hardly by him. There are cases, however, in which apparent severity is real kindness. I have forbidden the lad to wander from me, for at the present moment, the exasperation among the Greeks is such, that a slight offence heedlessly committed by a young Turk, might cause him to be instantly sacrificed to their fury."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "Are they such blood-thirsty wretches?"

"They have been outraged, and are at times mad."

"But if they are capable of proceeding to the extremities you suppose, their national character must be anything but what I had hoped to find it."

"To judge of the national character of the Greeks, after what they have endured, after the miserable oppression they have known, would be something like criticising the symmetry of a man, after he had been thrown from the top of St. Paul's."

"I admit," said I, "the authors of their wrongs, may with some show of reason, be censured for the crimes, which these their victims may commit."

While conversing with Mr. Haversham, I felt, I knew not why, ambitious of recommending myself to him, by a display of eloquence, and with this view I added,

"Contemplating the enormities, of which these orient lands, are often the scene, I have sometimes wondered, that the same sun could shine on them, which gilds our Western world."

I drew myself up with ill dissembled pride, as I concluded this beautiful sentence, to mark the effect it would produce on Mr. Haversham. The result was not exactly what I had expected.

"This," said he, "is mere bombast; high-sounding words but stark nonsense. Because

wretched men degrade themselves, is the glorious sun to be arrested in his course?"

"Such enormities," I remarked, "cannot but be offensive to the Supreme Being, and to me it would not appear so very, very strange, if they called forth some indication of his displeasure."

"Would it be consistent with his dignity, peevishly to derange the magnificent work of his hands, because some of his creatures sin against each other?"

I felt my situation rather awkward, and determined to shuffle out of the argument, as quickly as possible.

"It is not my intention," I said, "to affirm that it would. I mean but to say, that if some great convulsion of nature were to happen, I should regard it as an awful judgment in a case like this."

"That, in my opinion," replied Mr. Haversham, "would be ridiculous. I like not to hear those effects, which may be traced to natural causes, ascribed to the petulantly vengeful feelings of the Creator. To me it seems profane,

and in most cases as preposterous as it would be, if a pig were killed by lightning, to assume that the Almighty has an antipathy to pork."

I felt that my oratory was treated with something a good deal like contempt, and rather tartly replied, that it did not appear to me absurd, though it might to him, to suppose that Heaven, offended at cruelty, should visibly mark its displeasure.

While speaking, I glanced at the Turkish boy, and it afterwards struck me that Mr. Haversham might possibly suppose the harsh treatment which he had received, was still in my mind, and was in fact rather sneeringly alluded to in my last speech. Be this as it may, he replied with authoritative sternness,

"It is my opinion, sir, that the friends of humanity, may too vehemently resent the apparent absence of it. Some people occasionally condemn anger, without being aware how much of what *they* do, is done to gratify their own resentful feelings. Even harshness, claims some

toleration from the truly benevolent, for those who are fixed to condemn unkindness of language or deportment, at all hazards, not unfrequently join to punish sorrow, and make war on misfortune or disease."

CHAPTER XVII.

We continue our Journey and overtake Mr. Haversham.— His kindness and cruelty.— We reach Napoli di Romania; and are surprised and disgusted at the strange scenes we witness there.

THOUGH I have since thought, there was really something in Mr. Haversham's last remark; and that anger is sometimes the offspring of affliction, I was not so sensible of it at the time, as to feel very amicably towards him. To hear one's eloquence scoffed at, and to have one's humanity snubbed, as mine had been, was too much for patience. I was tempted to reply very fiercely, but the anticipation of a retort, not more palatable than some of his former speeches, suggested to me, that the rudeness of a man so deficient in taste, as he had proved himself, was beneath the serious resentment of a person of my dignity.

As I sulkily retired, I mentally reproved with more severity than before, his cruelty to Selim. The reports which I had heard to his prejudice in England, occurred to me, and were remembered with singular distinctness. In what I myself had witnessed, I almost thought I saw a proof of his murderous propensities. Whether this was suggested by his beating the young Turk, or by his sneering at me, I need not state. It will naturally strike the reader, that it must have been the former.

I however determined to wait on him the following morning, to restore to him his property, as I had scarcely a doubt that the book which I had found at Clarenza, and which I had brought with me to Gastouni belonged to him.

This resolution I attempted to execute, but was not able to do so, as I found, on inquiry, that he had taken his departure almost immediately after I had spoken with him.

A cold, which I ascribed to the immersion I had recently undergone, compelled us to remain there for three days. We then resumed our journey, and proceeded as fast as circumstances

would permit by Pyrgos, Agolinitza, Cristena Andruzzena, and Kaulena, to Tripolitza. Thence to Yaourgitza, and from the last placewe set out for Napoli di Romania.

One day about noon, as we were descending the Parthenian mountain, by a narrow path, which is called the Bey's Causeway, and which winds along the brink of a steep precipice, Ajax Patroclus became unusually eloquent on the beauty and magnificence of the scenery. The stupendous height of the mountain, the threatening abruptness of the precipice which I have mentioned on the one hand, and the awfully deep and capacious glen, which presented itself on the other, through which the rushing of the waters was seen, while their roarings were heard, mingled with the distant camel driver's song, and the tinkling of the bells appended to the animals under his care, furnished both to the eye and the ear, subjects for romantic meditation, which I, under ordinary circumstances, should have been reluctant to forego. At this moment, I did not profit much from the peculiarity of my situation, for while Ajax Patro-

clus, celebrated the glories of the scene, I was in momentary expectation of breaking my neck, a casualty, for which all the classic treasures of Greece would hardly have consoled me.

We however at length made a halt, to contemplate at leisure the interesting objects by which we were surrounded. My friend Betterton told me 'that the scene was one of real grandeur.' I said 'yes it was,' and he remarked 'we should probably never have an opportunity of visiting it again.' I answered that 'it was not to be expected,' in short, we exchanged about twenty of these interesting truisms, which all travellers, who set up for persons of taste and observation, think it necessary to dispose of, at certain stages of their journey, and having by the due performance of this important ceremony, satisfied our consciences that we had acted as became us, we prepared to resume our march.

It was just then, that I perceived, and but a short space before me, Mr. Haversham, the young Turk, and two other attendants. They advanced but slowly, and we soon gained upon them. As we drew near, I could not help re-

marking, with infinite surprise, the anxious care, and apparent tenderness, with which he, who had behaved so harshly to the boy at Gastouni, now watched his progress along the Bey's Causeway. Nothing could exceed the vigilance, with which he observed each step which the horse took, on which the youth was seated. This was not done for effect, I felt quite certain, as I was fully persuaded, that our party had not been noticed by Mr. Haversham. I, again, felt the ill opinion which I had lately conceived of that gentleman, to be one not wholly warranted. From what I saw, I was quite sure that he was not the unfeeling brute, I had supposed him to be.

For more than a mile, I observed him thus attentive to the object of his former resentment. We drew closer to him, and I accelerated my advance, as much as I could, without running unnecessary risk, of a fall from the precipice before mentioned, with a secret wish to hear his speech, now that he was in "milder mood." But we were, by this time, seen by Mr. Haversham, and those who jour-

neyed with him. That circumstance abated my curiosity. " Since he knows he can be overheard," thought I, " of course, he will take care not to act, as he did at Gastouni."

But in this calculation, I was strangely out. The first sounds I heard, were those of anger. I began to suppose it might be the natural harshness of his voice, that offended my ear. On my closer approach, this idea was dismissed altogether, and the language of stern reproof, recalled the unfavourable impression before made, in all its original force.

To me, he spoke with courtesy, and having passed over the Bey's Causeway, the young Turk, whose countenance, as before, was free from resentment as from sorrow, fell into the rear, and I and Mr. Haversham engaged in a conversation, on the general appearance of the country, through which we were passing.

We commenced, ascending the last range of hills we had to traverse, before reaching the Gulph of Napoli. I gazed, with ardent admiration, on the wild sublimity of the rugged, but

varied scenery, which encompassed me; and Mr. Haversham glowed with classic enthusiasm, when, beneath a blue cloudless sky, we at length beheld the Ægean Sea, and the threatening rocks, which guarded its far famed shore. He pointed out to me, with the air of one who was familiar with all he saw, the several objects which demanded observation, the fine prospect of the Argolic Bay, with Hydra, and Spezzia, in the distance, while almost beneath lay Zerynthus, or Tyrinthus, Argos, the Marsh of Lerma; and what I and my fellow deputy were most curious to see, the present seat of the Greek Government, Napoli di Romania.

I was delighted with the imposing appearance of the city. Its situation struck me as most commanding. A fortress, apparently of great strength, tall minarets, which indicated the existence of public edifices of no common splendour, and noble looking houses, the magnificent evidence of individual magnificence, caused me to remark with rapturous exultation, as the caique in which we had embarked, on reaching the shore, drew near the quay, that

" this was a city worthy to be the abode of freemen!"

My companion expressed equal satisfaction, and had no hesitation in saying, that " a good picture of Napoli, as seen from the sea, if published in London, immediately after our intended operations were complete, would raise the scrip, at least five per cent."

But when we had landed, and entered the town, the dark, narrow, and singularly dirty streets, and the miserable appearance of the ragged, unwashed inhabitants of it, greatly abated my admiration, and made Betterton apprehensive, that our new stock would be in danger of going to a " *dis.*"

Mr. Haversham, who had remained in our company up to this time, manifested considerable disappointment. Selim trembled, as if from instinctive dread of that hostility of which his countrymen were the objects; and I saw him shrink with abhorrence at the ferocious air with which some of the Greeks, who were slaughtering cattle in the open street, performed that necessary task.

Lest I should again lose sight of Mr. Haversham, before parting from him in Napoli, I presented him with the book, which I had found. He owned it was his property, and said, it had formed part of the contents of one of his packages, which had been purloined, when his effects were landed.

The arrival of two such distinguished individuals as myself and Mr. Betterton, was soon a matter of notoriety. We obtained a lodging on the *Marino*, where we were soon waited upon, by a messenger from one of the members of the government, desiring to see us on the following morning.

We accordingly presented ourselves, at the appointed time, and were ushered into an elegantly furnished room, well provided with cushions and carpets. The great man soon made his appearance. He was attired, in what appeared to me, to be the Turkish costume; and, by his orders, we were presented as soon as he and his suite had occupied their cushions, with a pipe, and a cup of coffee. We met with a cordial reception, and all of us, socially squat-

ting down, entered upon business forthwith. Our letters were read, and considered highly satisfactory; and I and my friend found, that we had not been deceived by the respectable functionary, who had assured us, that his government was remarkably well disposed to borrow.

We had the pleasure of hearing this from the other members of the administration, to whom we were introduced that same afternoon, at the grand bureau. The grand bureau, I ought to state, was at the top of a large edifice, the ground floor of which was a stable, and the floor over that, a barrack. The ministers were all seated in the Turkish fashion. In the centre of them, was a common deal table. Betterton, when we had had our audience, was quite in raptures with the classical simplicity, as he called it, of the executive. I could hardly believe him in earnest, for, as I remarked in reply to him, they really looked to my unlettered eye, like half a dozen tailors, squatting on their shop boards, in a garret.

It was Easter Sunday, and great rejoicings were going on, in honour of the return of that annual festival. All wore their best attire; the streets were cleaner than on the preceding day, and the stench, which had then been dreadful, had somewhat abated. Every one ran to his neighbour, whom he chanced to meet, kissed him, and announced, in a tone of gladness, that the Saviour of man had risen from the tomb; and the intelligence so given, was repeated by the receiver of it, with like satisfaction.

In the midst of this exultation and religious joy, I was not a little struck at seeing Mr. Haversham apparently shocked and disgusted, and the youth with him quite horror struck, at an object, which had attracted their notice near the entrance of one of the most public streets;—this was the dead body of a Turk. We learned, to our infinite discomfiture, that the folly and ferocity of the Greeks went so far as to deny the corpse of an enemy a grave; and the perishing remains of one who had been

sacrificed, were thus left in the spirit of impotent vengeance, to pollute the air which his destroyers breathed.

But a spectacle, still more appalling, awaited me. I had been introduced by the minister of the interior, to a Captain Valesi. This officer remarked the curious attention with which I regarded the universal joy. He could speak English so as to be understood, and he now informed me, that a scene of equal gaiety was reserved for the next day; as some Turkish prisoners, taken in his last cruise, were first to be flogged, and then ripped up; and he politely invited me to participate in the mirth, which would prevail on the happy occasion.

I need not state, that an announcement like this, filled me with unspeakable horror. It appeared the more dreadful, from the polite and triumphant air, with which it had been made, and my disgust was raised to the highest pitch, when Valesi, glorying in a circumstance so opportune, pointed to the intended victims, who having just landed, now passed along the quay towards their prison.

The unhappy men, were aware of their cruel destiny; and the slow solemn step, and dejected air, with which they advanced, indicated an impression, that the world was no more for them.

One of them, was a tall and singularly well featured man. He was distinguished by his superior stature and fine person, from the other prisoners, but still more by the dignity and resignation of his manner. My heart bled for the unhappy captive, and while I inwardly lamented his impending fate, the ferocious Valesi, gaily remarked, that "he was a fine beast for slaughter, and just fit for the knife."

I remonstrated against the frightful outrage on the law of nations, which he contemplated, and endeavoured to point out the atrocity of thus disposing of men who might become captives, by the chance of war. I might have spared myself this trouble. Had I argued with the dog Billy, of Westminster Cockpit, on the cruelty of destroying a rat, my speech would have been quite as effective. Valesi could not believe it possible, for a friend to Greece, to be really

affected, by the sufferings of a Turk. He endeavoured to reconcile me to the idea of being present at the massacre, not by demonstrating the justice or the policy of putting helpless prisoners to death, but by assuring me of every accommodation which I could desire, and pledging himself that a *chibouquè* and coffee, should be provided for me.

But I did not rest satisfied, with having spoken to this barbarian. I hastened to the Minister, and with some difficulty succeeded in obtaining his promise, that the lives of the captives should be spared, and that they should be removed to Hydra for safety.

Overjoyed at having carried my point, I next procured an order to see the prisoners, and attended by a guide, and an interpreter, lost no time in announcing to the unhappy men, that they were not to be sacrificed. The glad tidings were welcomed by them, with the warmest transports, and Omar, the Turk, whose deportment had before particularly attracted my notice, manifested the most profound gratitude to me, as his deliverer.

The extreme satisfaction, which was manifested by Mr. Haversham on this occasion, did a great deal towards completely restoring him to respectability in my estimation. Such humane joy, made me almost forget the unkind treatment which the young Turk, had received at his hands at Gastouni, and which I had seen repeated at Napoli. My sympathy, however, for Selim was abated somewhat, by his own misconduct. He made himself a sort of spy upon me. One evening when I had taken a walk out towards the *Palamede*, wishing to improve myself in the Greek language, I attempted to hold a conversation, with a pretty Greek brunette, whom I encountered by chance. After some time, I succeeded so tolerably, that we were beginning to understand each other exceedingly well, when the husband of the woman, sent as I believed by the boy, who had followed me, made his appearance, and abruptly terminated the lesson which I was in the course of receiving. The Turk played off the same trick, more than once, and I at length told him one day that " he was a mis-

chievous little rascal and I had a great mind to thrash him for his impertinence."

Though I said this very seriously, he had the assurance to laugh in my face. This piece of effrontery, I mentioned to Mr. Haversham, who smiled rather satirically on the occasion, and drily remarked that my surprise was quite natural, as I might reasonably have expected that my *serious* speeches would not be laughed at, by one who did not understand English.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I visit Hydra—Am pleased with the place and inhabitants—Mr. Haversham rejoins me—We witness a scene of deplorable barbarity—I in one instance oppose the perpetration of murder, and am requited by the applause and gratitude of Mr. Haversham.

THE departure of Mr. Haversham for Athens, relieved me from this annoying superintendance for some days, and left me to pursue the objects which had brought me to Greece. I could not flatter myself that much good had been done as yet, for though all the members of the Government, evinced a disposition to borrow with the most cordial liberality, I could not get over that modest diffidence on their part, which restrained them from bringing under my observation, the proofs in their possession, of their ability, at some moderately distant period, to pay.

These discussions were still pending, when I

and my colleague determined one fine afternoon to indulge in a little excursion to Hydra. We left Napoli, in the evening, in a caique, or open boat, and favoured by the land breeze, on the following morning, found ourselves near the rugged rock, on which that little town is built.

Betterton was delighted with the appearance of it.

" Really," said he, as we walked up from the harbour, " this place is almost as pretty as our Northfleet. But, zounds! the whole population must consist of millers and soldiers, for I can see nothing but windmills and batteries in every direction."

I was also in very good humour. The streets, though hilly and irregular, were delicious for their cleanliness, to us who had just left Napoli. The houses were more European, and though a good portion of their contents were Turkish, yet to see houses furnished at all comfortably, was really a luxury. The women too, I fancied were decidedly superior to those of the Peloponnesus. They did not disdain to wash their persons, and their fine forms, glistening eyes, and black hair,

appeared to me, in their short silken jackets and ample petticoats, not a little interesting.

After taking refreshments, and walking about the island, I was looking rather attentively at one of the Hydra beauties, whom I should probably have accosted, but just then I saw Mr. Haversham's boy, and the next moment Mr. Haversham himself came up to me.

I expressed my regret, that I had not known of his departure for Athens, in time to accompany him, as it would have afforded me great satisfaction to have trodden that classic ground, in his society.

"To me," said Mr. Haversham, "such scenes as are there to be witnessed, afford an edifying theme for reflection. The superb specimen of Doric architecture still seen on the summit of the Acropolis, reminds me, in the most impressive manner, of the fleeting character of human greatness. Were I ambitious, I think such a spectacle, would school me into moderation and content."

"I fear the idea which they afford of Greece as it was, is not flattering to Greece as it is."

" Your conjecture, sir, is right, and the living objects seen among these remains of former magnificence, too distinctly proclaim, that, the inhabitants have degenerated, as their city has fallen to decay. We are apt to think that we live in an enlightened age, yet what proof had I of this in the city of Minerva, where I saw wretched men, breaking to pieces the pillars of the Parthenon, for the paltry samples of metal which they contain, and ridiculous women, sliding down the hill of Mars, from an idea that that ceremony would render them fruitful, and contribute to produce another set of fools, like themselves."

In answer to my inquiries, Mr. Haversham told me that he had visited the temple of the eight winds, that of Jupiter Olympus, and the Lanterneon of Demosthenes. I was proceeding to persecute him, with a long series of questions. He seemed not indisposed to answer them, when a sudden tumult arose on the quay, which in a few moments pervaded the whole town.

We hastened to make inquiries as to the cause of the disorder, and were speedily told, that a

Greek ship having conquered a Turkish vessel, and taken possession of her, the vanquished had been guilty of the desperate act, of firing the powder magazine, and had thus in a moment destroyed themselves, and the victors to whom they had been forced to yield.

"This," said I, "is the miserable result of that horrid practice, which has prevailed among the Greeks of putting their prisoners to death. The Turks knew, that becoming captives, they would be murdered in cold blood, and preferred, I think not very blameably, to such a fate, that desperate step which involved them and their foes, in one common ruin."

"'Tis even so," Mr. Haversham replied. "Moral qualities, like the animal world, produce their likeness in their offspring. Ferocity is begotten by ferocity, as mercy and forbearance are born of those amiable qualities. But the tumult increases, and the crowd rush impetuously this way. They halt at that large building. Can you judge of their purpose?"

I was not prepared to give the required explanation, without first referring to Ajax Patro-

clus. He informed me that " the edifice to which I pointed was a monastery, which, however, had lately been converted into a prison. As for the tumult, that was nothing at all. The people I saw near the monastery, were merely going to kill a few Turks, in revenge for the catastrophe of which we had just heard."

He had not ceased speaking, when the door of the prison was thrown open, and urged suddenly forward by the violent pressure of those behind, a Turk rushed towards the quay. His hands were bound, and the upper part of his clothing had been taken from him. The frightful yells of savage delight which rose on every side, too plainly told, that Ajax Patroclus was not deceived, as to the object of the multitude. I shuddered with horror, at the dreadful spectacle, when, in the destined victim, I recognised the unfortunate Omar, he whose grateful acknowledgments, I had received for my former interference in his behalf at Napoli di Romania, and who, had, with tears of heartfelt gratitude, miscalled me his deliverer.

Firm and unmoved, when I first saw him, his

mind serenely made up, to suffer military execution, Omar was prepared to meet his fate with fortitude. His situation and his feelings, were very different now. Assured that his life was spared, and looking forward to a joyful liberation, to find himself on a sudden ignominiously dragged forth, to endure undefined, unlimited punishment, at the hands of a brutal populace, was more than he could contemplate without dismay, and his face exhibited the strongest indications of amazement, agony, and despair.

With an exclamation of resentment and disgust, I attempted to rush through the crowd, which interposed between me and the ill-fated Omar. My efforts were vain. The mass was too dense, to be penetrated by my first efforts, and I had not had time to renew them, when, struck by countless assassins, the victim reeled forward, and fell covered with wounds. Shouts of fiendlike joy, burst from the murderous wretches, while they brandished their bloody ataghans over the form of the dying man. With impotent fury, their blows were renewed, though life was extinct, till the protruding bowels and

lacerated flesh, formed a frightful and disgusting mass of dust and blood, no longer retaining the slightest resemblance of the human form.

Had I been endowed with the strength of an hundred giants, I felt that its exertion could not have saved, or in any way relieved, the martyr who had just fallen. I was retiring, when a second captive was thrust forth. The unhappy wretch averted his face, and shrinking back, sunk with piercing cries, under the blows of his infuriated butchers. A third victim appeared, who was assailed in the same manner; and a fourth was demanded, when feeling, that in the midst of the confusion, which prevailed, I could not restrain the frantic fury of the madmen who surrounded me, I withdrew from the appalling spectacle, just as a fresh burst of exultation, told that another captive had been sacrificed.

I wandered about the town, I knew not cared not whither, for the shock which I had received, from witnessing such inconceivable barbarity, made me for a time incapable of reflection on any subject but that. Mr. Haversham and Betterton were not to be found. I at length walked

into a Cafe, at which I had previously taken refreshment. Here, I was disgusted by the brutal joy, which the massacre afforded to the individuals who were then its inmates.

Dreadful as was the scene which I have described, one more appalling remained to be acted. Unsated with the blood of those, who had been among the enemies of Greece, and whom the chance of war had made prisoners, the uncontroulable rage of the populace, was next directed against all who belonged to the Turkish nation. Slaves long resident in Hydra, were coolly devoted to death, to appease the manes of those Greeks, who had perished by that act, which, was the immediate cause of this shocking excitement. I saw the despairing unresisting wretches led forth to suffer, and while vainly praying for a milder doom, relentlessly immolated in the face of day.

My commiseration for the sufferers, swelled into fury, against their destroyers. I reproached myself, for not having interposed even at the risk of my own life. Thus condemning myself, however, I prudently abstained from going beyond

remonstrance, where more determined opposition would, in all probability, have been of no avail. But when I saw a lad of tender years, whose only offence was, that he was supposed to have been born a Turk, seized by a ruthless assassin, and when I heard my own name pronounced, and as I fancied, (though I was afterwards convinced that this could not be,) heard the words "Save me, save me," and perceived that the youth was no other than Mr. Haversham's companion, I could restrain myself no longer. Fiercely, I ordered the foremost barbarian to pause. My word was not attended to—his weapon was raised,—another moment and the death-blow would be struck. It was then that I ceased to censure, but sprang forward in a transport of indignation, seized the uplifted hand, tore the steel from its grasp, and struck the assassin powerless, and confounded by the suddenness of my attack, to the earth. His accomplices gave way, with terror equal to their recent ferocity. I made a blow at the Hydriot I had knocked down, and who was then rising, which, had it taken effect, would have stretched

him on the ground, to rise no more, but I, in my turn, found my arm arrested, while a voice sternly demanded,

"What would you do!"

"Destroy these monsters," I fiercely replied, at the same time, endeavouring to extricate myself.

"Forbear, I say," cried he, who had thus interfered. It was Mr. Haversham.

This recognition added to the circumstance of the Hydriots, who were the objects of my resentment, having commenced their retreat, rendered me less unmanageable than I had been, and I suffered my countryman to disarm me.

He grasped my hand, with an expression of ardent gratitude, which I shall never forget, and then he embraced the trembling youth, while tears, which I had not been accustomed to see in his eyes, trickled down his faded cheek. He looked towards me, as if again to acknowledge with renewed thankfulness, my effort in the cause of humanity, then hurried the boy away, evidently for the purpose of securing him from further outrage.

Having found Betterton, I repaired with him to the cafe in which he had secured a lodging, where we remained for some hours, till all was still without.

I, then, walked over the scene of the frightful tragedy which had been perpetrated. On the quay, I met Mr. Haversham.

" I am happy, sir," said he, " to see you once more. To your generous courage I owe an obligation, which I shall not soon forget—which I never can repay."

" You praise too extravagantly," I said, " the slight exertion which I have made from a momentary impulse."

" From the sublimest impulse known to our nature," he replied. " The valour which is excited to perform heroic deeds in war, on a stage, whence they may be seen and admired, by all mankind, is but a common-place quality, compared with the unpremeditated display, which he makes, who, urged by compassion alone, dare unostentatiously brave the murderer's wrath, and snatch the destroying weapon from his hand."

A little to change the subject of discourse, I asked where Selim was.

"He is on shipboard," said he. "My fears for him were great before, but after what had occurred this day, I would not prolong my stay willingly, another hour. A ship is now sailing for England, and before the sun rises, I trust I shall have left this shore, respecting which, I could now adopt the feeling once avowed by you, and wonder that the bolt of the Almighty, descends not on the instant, to punish guilt like that, which has this day disgraced the Greek name."

"Ill has the cause of Greece been served," I remarked, "on this occasion."

"It is mournful to think of, and to know, that those who could not participate in the commission of the crime, approve of it. After this, when they would implore mercy from on high, I can scarcely think that it would be irrational, to copy from the superstition of the Turks, who, when I was formerly in Athens, were accustomed to drag a lamb to the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and there make it bleat, in the hopes that that

sound, of brute innocence would be more grateful to the ear of the Eternal, than the prayers of crime-degraded man."

Mr. Haversham then, again, most cordially bade me adieu. I expressed sincere regret at parting.

"The regret, sir, is mutual," said he, "I am a bad hand at compliments, for, to say the truth, I have little practice in that way, but from my heart, I hope we may meet again, in England. There, whatever else we may deplore, we are strangers to scenes like those we have mourned to day. But of Greece, I hope to hear better things. Her good angel, will suggest wiser counsels, and teach her sons to refrain from imitating the unhallowed vengeance of which, their foes may set the example. O yes! I trust order will yet spring from chaos, humanity triumph over blind rage, and nature, too long dishonoured and forgotten, at last assert her dignity."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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